

JUL 2 1915

DETROIT

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XIII, No. 12
WHOLE No. 325

JULY 3, 1915

{ PRICE 10 CENTS
{ \$3.00 A YEAR**CHRONICLE**

The War: Bulletin, June 22, p. m.-June 29, a. m.
—German Success in Galicia—Great Britain's
Memorandum—Other Items. France: Sister
Barbara—The New War Credit. Germany:
Press Censorship—Detention Camps—No Peace
Negotiations. Great Britain: The Munitions
Bill. Ireland: Political Discontent. Mexico:
"More Turbulent Than Ever." Rome: The
Pope and the War.....289-292

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Why Have Competitive Athletics?—Newman and
Gladstone—The Songs We Sing—The Protestant
Tradition—What Happened on July 4, 1776.....
293-299

COMMUNICATIONS

A "Journal of Opinion"—The Later Interpreta-
tion of Magna Charta—"Americanization Day"
—Flowers and Funerals.....299-301

EDITORIALS

The Holy See and the Secular Press—The Great
Task: 1863-1915—Mother Mary Xavier—En-
tanglement—Censorship and the "Movies"—A
Call to the Faithful—I Have Been Dead.302-305

LITERATURE

Poesy and Prohibition.

REVIEWS: The Lives of the Popes in the Middle
Ages—The Indian To-day—The American Navy
—The American College—Municipal Freedom—
A Far Country—Tractatus de Christi Ecclesia—
Types of Teaching—Methods of Teaching in
High Schools.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS: May's "Best Sellers"—
The *July Catholic World*—The *Catholic Histor-
ical Review*—"Shall I Be a Daily Communi-
cant?"—"Edgar Chirrup"—"The Golden Legend"
—"Aunt Sarah and the War"—"Come Out to
Play"—"Naval Occasions and Some Traits of

the Sailor-man"—"Bred of the Desert"—"The
Red Laugh"—"Pieces of the Game"—"Sleepy-
Time Story Book"—"When I Was a Boy in
Belgium"—"Stray Leaves or Traces of Travel"
—"The Church in Many Lands, a Trip Around
the World"—"Sermon Matter."

BOOKS RECEIVED305-309

EDUCATION

Introducing Mr. Henry Herring.....310, 311

SOCIOLOGY

The Catholic Boys' Protective League..311, 312

NOTE AND COMMENT

Auto Driving College Students—Progress of
the Suffragist Cause—Non-Catholics and Catholic
Philosophy—"Ad" Men Preachers—Adams and
Jefferson on the Jesuits—Clean Films for the
"Movies"—Death of Sister Martha.

CHRONICLE

The War.—In spite of severe engagements in Bel-
gium, at Souchez, in the Labyrinth, along the heights
of the Meuse, north of Verdun, and in Alsace, neither

Germans nor Allies have gained any
notable success in the west. The
advantage has been with the Allies
in Alsace, where they have continued their advance to
the south of Metzeral, and with the Germans on the
heights of the Meuse, and in the Vosges, where they
have captured an important hill which dominates the
surrounding country. The deadlock remains unchanged.

The fall of Lemberg came more quickly and with
less resistance than was expected. Its evacuation by the
Russians followed immediately after their retirement

**German Success
in Galicia**

from the hills of Grodek, and was
delayed only long enough to trans-
port into safety guns and ammuni-
tion. It is the culmination of the Austro-German suc-
cess in Galicia, and is a very remarkable achievement.
Experts have attributed it chiefly to the effectiveness
and number of heavy guns which literally blew to pieces
the lines of the Russians; to whom, however, no one
denies the credit of having conducted an orderly retreat
under extremely adverse conditions.

After the capture of the Galician capital the Russians
made tremendous efforts to check the Austro-German
drive, and for a time they were successful, for they not
only were able to hold their own to the north and south
of Lemberg, but by vigorous attacks they drove back
their enemy across the Dniester. After three days, how-
ever, their offensive exhausted itself, and with the ex-
ception of the army along the Dniester to the southeast
of Halicz, which has had a respite after the bitter fight-
ing of the last week, they are again in retreat. North of

Lemberg, to the east of Rawa-Ruska and to the north-
east of Zolkiew, they are retiring towards the Polish
border; while south of Lemberg they have been forced
from the hills east of Mikolaïow, and are now giving
way all along the front that stretches from Bobrka to
Zurawna. Still further to the southeast the Austrians
have crossed the Dniester at Halicz. Renewed German
activity is in evidence at many parts of the Polish battle
line, and there are signs that point to another attack on
Warsaw in the near future, especially from the north
and south. West of Warsaw comparative quiet prevails.

Great Britain's memorandum to the Government of
the United States, which, as clearly stated by Am-
bassador Page, is not to be understood as an answer to

**Great Britain's
Memorandum**

our note of protest against what we
have characterized as unjustifiable
interference by the blockade with
our rights as neutrals, is concerned mainly with a state-
ment of the efforts which Great Britain has made to
deal fairly with American interests, but omits any dis-
cussion of the principles of international law underlying
the dispute. It denies, however, that our contention is
just, and declares explicitly that His Majesty's Govern-
ment "can scarcely admit that on the basis of actual
facts any substantial grievance on the part of the
American citizen is justified or can be justified, and they
therefore confidently appeal to the opinion of the United
States Government as enlightened by this memoran-
dum."

The Italian campaign made no marked progress during
the week. Italian dispatches claim several unimportant
successes, but for the most part are content to state that
there has been a general and method-
ical carrying out of plans. Their
failure to make large gains is attrib-

Other Items

uted by them to the difficult nature of the territory in which they are operating, and to the large reinforcements which the Austrians have received, presumably from the Galician front. At many points during the week the Italians were forced to take the defensive. In the Dardanelles the Allies claim to have had some success, but the situation has not yet undergone any important modification, although it is said that the ground gained has given the Allies a point of considerable strategic value. In the Caucasus both Turks and Russians claim victories in the vicinity of Olti.

The appointment by President Wilson of Mr. Robert Lansing to the post of Secretary of State has been received with almost universal approval throughout the country. Mr. Lansing has long been recognized as one of the foremost authorities on international law, and since 1892 has frequently represented the United States in disputes with other countries.

France.—More than one correspondent has spoken of the lack of military hospital facilities in France during the first months of the war, due in large part to the

fact that so many hospitals had been closed and so many Sisters sent into exile, by the anti-clerical laws. Conditions are, however, improving. It is said that at present more than three thousand Sisters, returning from foreign exile, have been graciously allowed to minister to France's wounded soldiers. "All the patients praise the hard work of the Sisters," writes a correspondent in a recent number of *Figaro*. "But they have one favorite, Sister Barbara. From the instant that we set foot in the hospital we heard nothing but praises of Sister Barbara. Every one is proud of her, every one but herself, who accomplishes her daily work, piously, simply, gaily."

She has labored for twenty years and has never had a day's rest. One can count by thousands the poor creatures whom she has helped to live and to die. She has words for all, of consolation, of edification, of cheer. But she is not afraid to speak her mind. She has spent many hours taking care of the German wounded, but she says that she trounces them with her tongue. But she sat up for three whole nights with a little Bavarian lieutenant, and she does deeds of extraordinary self-sacrifice for other German patients. One can not judge of her kindness by what she tells herself.

Sister Barbara is but one of thousands who, when peace is concluded, will go back to exile, unless official France experiences an extraordinary change of heart.

The total amount of credits voted since the beginning of the war exceeds fifteen billion, one hundred and twenty-three million francs. On June 25, by a vote of

492 to 1, the Chamber of Deputies authorized an additional credit of five billion, six hundred million francs, which, it is thought, will cover all expenses for a period of three months, beginning with July 1. The Minister of Finance urged that France purchase as

little as possible abroad. There was no monetary depreciation, he said, and in some respects the economic conditions of the country had improved. There is less unemployment than in January, and the traffic of the railroads is now eighty-five per cent. of the normal.

Germany.—On June 21, the authorities informed the administration of the *Berlin Zeitung* that publication would be suspended for an indefinite period. According

to the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the Government was forced to this action "by an impassioned

campaign carried on for some time, in which, more or less frankly, the eyes of readers were to be opened to dangers confronting the Empire," because of the Government's weak stand in vindicating its policy of submarine warfare. The *Koelnische Zeitung* regrets that the news of this suppression was cabled to foreign countries, leaving the impression, at variance with the facts, that the general policy of the Government was disapproved by the nation. The *Koelnische Volkszeitung* has no word in condemnation of the Government's action, but even points out that other journals, hitherto unmolested by the authorities, are equally guilty. Suspension was lifted, however, on June 24, and in that issue of the *Zeitung*, Count von Reventlow, whose articles are supposed to have brought on the suppression, renewed his interrupted discussion of violations of the laws of neutrality by the United States. On June 26, the *Berlin Vorwärts*, a socialist paper, was suppressed because of the publication of an article on "Social Democracy and Peace."

An unofficial report, issued on June 18, and published in some of the German newspapers, states that the German and Austro-Hungarian armies have taken prisoners,

1,610,000 of the enemy. Of this number, 1,240,000 are Russians; 225,000 French; 24,000 English;

41,000 Belgians, and 50,000 Serbians. More than one hundred detention camps are now maintained in Germany. Shut off by high palisades from the outside world, each forms a small city by itself, for the population may range from 2,000 to 10,000. The prisoners are divided into battalions, and the strictest military discipline is maintained. During the week prisoners are kept at work, either in the camp, or outside in shops and factories; on Sunday religious services are held. Physicians are attached to the camps, which are thoroughly inspected from time to time by the military authorities.

Rumors that negotiations looking to a treaty of peace with Russia had been begun are strongly denied at Berlin. In Germany, as in the other countries at war, the popular feeling seems to be that the time of peace is still in the indefinite future. In his speech at Munich, after the fall of Lemberg, King Ludwig of Bavaria said this victory brought the day of peace nearer, but he warned his hearers that "our watchword must continue

**No Peace
Negotiations**

**The New
War Credit**

to be 'hold out in patience.' The King attributed the success of the German arms not only to the troops, but to all "whose self-sacrificing labor has filled the place of those called to the colors; to those engaged in the factories and in agriculture, who have enabled us, although encircled by foes, to meet from our own resources the requirements of the country and the army and to feed our people."

Great Britain.—The long-expected Munitions Bill has received the assent of Parliament. It makes strikes and lockouts illegal, provides for compulsory arbitration, gives power to subject "slackers" to

The Munitions Bill fine, limits the profits of employers, creates a volunteer army of workers,

pledged to go wherever they may be required, and contains other provisions which will give the Minister full power to carry out the plans he has devised to develop the production of munitions. As to compulsory service, Mr. Lloyd George, in response to an inquiry, said that the Government, if it could not otherwise procure the laborers necessary to the welfare of the country, would proceed to use every means possessed by the State as an ultimate reserve. "I have had a discussion with the trade union leaders," reported the Minister, "and told them that if an adequate supply of labor could not be obtained, compulsion was inevitable. They answered, 'Give us a chance to supply the men needed in seven days.' The seven days will begin to-morrow, and advertisements will appear in all the papers. The union representatives have engaged two hundred town halls as recruiting offices, and the assistance of everyone has been invited." No age limit has been set. The volunteers will not wear uniforms, and although not under military discipline in the strict sense, will give their full time to work as ordered. A certificate will be issued stating that they are working "for King and Country." It is estimated that nearly a quarter of a million of men, outside of those already engaged in the manufacture of munitions, are available for this service, and recruiting, especially in Birmingham, Glasgow, Manchester and Liverpool, is said to be more than satisfactory. "Once more," reports the *Post*, "the volunteer system seems likely to justify itself." "We are confident that in a week from now," says the *Westminster Gazette*, "the leaders of organized labor will be able to report that they have done what they have undertaken to do, and will do more if the Government asks for more."

Ireland.—The voluntary transition of the Home Rule Government into a coalition Cabinet, which includes Sir E. Carson, Lord Lansdowne and F. E. Smith, the chief organizers of armed rebellion against the Home Rule Act, and the attempt, partly realized, to replace Home Rulers in the Government of Ireland by Ulsterite champions, have given an opportunity to Nationalist

papers and leaders to express their real feelings which had been hitherto repressed by the Defence of the Realm Act. "The country," said Sir Thomas Esmonde, "is amazed and angry at this sudden and deplorable turn of events," and the entire press, which hitherto supported all the Government policies, is in accord with him. It is generally accepted that the Home Rule agreement is at present a "scrap of paper," and that the matter will have to be fought out all over again. The enactment of conscription is also considered imminent, for the Irish Party has passed a strong resolution against it, and the hostility to it is intensified by the knowledge that its incidence could, and probably would, be made to fall most heavily on Ireland. Mr. John Hegarty, a Cork Post Office official, who was dismissed for belonging to the Irish Volunteers, has been tried twice in Dublin, under the Defence of the Realm Act, and though it was proved that he signed circulars condemning recruiting and advising cooperation with German invaders, he was acquitted by the jury. Others tried before juries on similar charges have been also acquitted, with the result that all such cases are now put before military officials or judges of summary jurisdiction, who invariably sentence the accused, often charged only with casual expressions against England or favoring Germany, to heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment. Mr. Hoor, the popular parliamentary candidate for North Tipperary, appears to have hit off the general attitude: "Ireland is my country and that is all I am concerned with. We have arrived at the most critical time in our history. . . . God only knows what may happen, and I would have much to say on the question, but there is a law known as the Defence of the Realm Act which precludes a man from giving expression to his judgment." The *Dublin Leader* sums up the situation with: "Carson is in the Cabinet and Carson's army is still in camp in Ireland." The crisis precipitated by the war was too big for Mr. Redmond, but this, the most influential Nationalist paper in Ireland, sees hope in the fusion of the best elements of the National with the Irish Volunteers, and though "the country is seething with political discontent, the Irish nation is not down and out yet."

Mexico.—During the past week little has happened south of the Rio Grande to make brighter the prospect of peace. While the population of the country is starving, food is being exported, it is said, to purchase munitions of war.

*"More Turbulent
Than Ever"*

In January, February and March of this year \$400,000 worth of foodstuffs was sent to Cuba from Carranza's territory. The Associated Press reports that, on June 1, Carranza troops killed Bishop Candena, eighty-five years old, who resided at a college in Tlaxcala, and Fathers Quiroz, Bazen and Lara, the founder of the orphanage at Ocatlan. Zapata seems to have entrenched himself in Mexico City, and

Carranza has been unable to drive him out. The "first chief" has informed the United States Government that under no circumstances will he consent to treat with Villa, and that he will consider no compromise measures whatever, for he is determined to crush his adversaries by a military campaign. Meanwhile, Villa's troops have undertaken to protect the Americans whose lives and property have been imperiled by the attacks of the Yaqui Indians. A Villista commander again told Admiral Howard that if United States bluejackets were sent ashore at Guaymas, serious trouble would follow. General Emiliano Zapata's brother, Eufemio, also gives his views of what the revolutionists think of intervention, saying: "Never will the Mexican be intimidated by the braggadocio of the Yankees. We will answer with our lives if necessary." On the other hand a prominent citizen of the Capital is quoted as saying to an American: "Your soldiers need not come with bayonets. Let them come with corn. They will be received with cheers by the populace here." As communication with Mexico City has been cut off since June 18, the real state of the Capital can not be ascertained. Four members of Carranza's Cabinet have resigned, it is said, and a lack of harmony between Villa and Gonzales is also reported. General Huerta and General Orozco, suspected of intending to head still another revolutionary movement in Mexico, were arrested near El Paso, Texas, on June 27, by the United States Collector of Customs Z. L. Cobb and Col. G. H. Morgan. The two Mexicans were charged with conspiring to violate the American neutrality laws. On giving heavy bonds, they were released pending an inquiry.

Rome.—Certain American papers, especially two in New York City, largely patronized by Catholics, are just at present doing the Holy Father a grave injustice by printing malicious reports concerning the attitude of His Holiness towards the warring nations. In view of this, the following letter of the Pope to Cardinal Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, containing as it does, sentiments of universal charity, is illuminating:

*The Pope
and the War*

It was Our purpose in the early days of next June to convoke the Sacred Consistory in order to provide for the many churches at present without a Pastor and to avail Ourselves of an opportunity so favorable to consider with the Sacred College of Cardinals other grave and urgent matters affecting the government of the Church; unfortunately, however, painful happenings which are known to all have hindered us from doing so.

Now that Our words can not be directed to the entire Sacred College assembled together, We deem it opportune, Lord Cardinal, to address them to the venerable Assembly of which you are the worthy Dean.

In Our first Encyclical, moved by the supreme desire to see the awful carnage which dishonors Europe cease, We exhorted the Rulers of the belligerent nations, in view of all the tears and blood that had already been shed, to hasten to restore to their peoples the vital benefits of peace. "May those hearken to Us," We said, "who have in their hands

the destinies of the peoples. Other ways there certainly are, other methods there are, whereby the rights infringed can be asserted; to these, an armistice having been meanwhile arranged, let them have recourse, sincerely animated by a right conscience and by good-will. It is charity toward them and toward all the nations and not Our interests which make Us speak thus. Let them therefore not permit that Our voice, which is that of father and friend, be addressed to the winds." But the voice of the friend and of the Father, We say it with a heart crushed with grief, was not hearkened to; the war continues to imbrue Europe with blood, and on land and on sea even means of offence which are contrary to the dictates of humanity and to international law are not avoided.

And as if that were not enough, the terrible conflagration has extended even to Our beloved Italy, making one fear for it also that sequel of tears and disasters which is wont to accompany every war, even when successful.

Our heart meanwhile bleeds at the sight of so many misfortunes. We have not desisted from devoting Ourselves to relieve and diminish, as far as lay in Our power, the deplorable consequences of the war. We give praise to God, who has been pleased to crown with happy success the efforts which We made to obtain from the belligerent nations the exchange of prisoners of war unfit for further military service. Furthermore, recently We have also exerted Ourselves, and with hope of success, in favor of wounded and sick prisoners of war, not wholly unfit for military service, with a view to render their condition less grave and to facilitate their recovery.

But the needs of the soul, which so transcend those of the body, have above all engaged Our paternal attention. To this end, We have furnished the military chaplains with the most ample faculties, authorizing them to avail themselves for the celebration of Mass and for assisting the dying, of privileges which can only be granted in the most exceptional circumstances. Of those faculties and of these privileges We intend that not only priests who are now called upon to act as chaplains in the Italian army should avail themselves, but also all priests who may in any capacity find themselves in the ranks of that army. And We conjure all, through the charity of Jesus Christ, to show themselves worthy of a mission so holy, and to spare no pains or labor so that the unspeakable comforts of religion may not be in anywise lacking to the soldiers in the arduous struggle.

The hour through which we are passing is painful, it is a terrible moment: but *sursum corda*. More frequently and more fervently let us send up our prayers to Him in whose hands are the destinies of the nations. Let us all address ourselves with confidence to the sorrowful and immaculate Heart of Mary, the most sweet Mother of Jesus and our Mother, that she may by her powerful intercession obtain from her Divine Son that the scourge of war may soon cease and that peace and tranquillity may return. And as, according to the admonition of the Holy Scriptures, to draw down upon the earth the divine mercies, the ardor of prayer ought not to be separated from generosity of sacrifice and of penance, We exhort all the children of the Catholic Church to practise with Us for three consecutive or separate days, according to each one's choice, a strict ecclesiastical fast; and We grant that this pious practice of Christian mortification may avail to gain, on the usual conditions, a plenary indulgence, applicable also to the souls in Purgatory.

May the echo of this Our voice reach all Our children who are afflicted with the ruthless scourge of war and convince them all of Our participation in their woes, for there is no sorrow of the child which does not find an answering chord in the heart of the Father.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Why Have Competitive Athletics?

WE have discussed different phases of this question of competitive athletics. They take an immense amount of time, they consume an almost endless amount of energy, they involve great expense—they are the direct cause of a certain number of deaths every year and some rather serious injuries, and yet not only are we proceeding with them but we are increasing the attention to them every year in spite of the protests of those who realize how much they are interfering with scholarship. Physicians are agreed that they are not good for health, though this is one of the excuses beneath which they have masqueraded into their present position. They are more than doubtful as regards their effects on morals for while they do harden a youth physically and make him more capable of standing pain and restrain him from excesses during the actual period of training, the motives for which this is done are so low and unworthy that they do not produce a habit and can scarcely redound to the upbuilding of character.

Why then are competitive athletics continued in our schools? Let us be candid with ourselves and examine some of the reasons that undoubtedly sway educational authorities in their acceptance of them. The first and most important is publicity. There is no way by which a college or school or its professors, and above all, no way by which the students of a college or school can obtain so much publicity as by success in athletic contests. Now publicity is the fad of our time. Nearly everybody wants to get before the public. We seem to forget that it is notoriety and not publicity in any proper sense, and above all not fame that mention in the newspaper confers.

For young folk principally publicity represents the satisfaction of a childish vanity, and yet educational authorities are encouraging it or at least patronizing the institutions by which it is secured. The less-young folk get into the papers the better for them in every way. That is particularly true of young Americans. It is rather difficult to get the papers to print the names of those who obtain prizes for scholarship, but the winners of athletic contests very soon find their names in print. It is not that the newspapers have entered into the conspiracy to bring about an eclipse of the good scholars in favor of the athletes, but that newspaper editors and reporters know very well that their readers do not care for lists of class prize winners, while there are many people who want to hear about physical prowess, even though shown by callow youths at the high schools. We are yielding to this spirit in what seems to me a very unfortunate way. Our civilization will be materialistic enough in its interests without encouragement of the cult of the physical from educational authorities.

As a matter of fact university faculties calmly discuss

the question of athletics from the standpoint of the publicity afforded by them, and frankly declare that the students of to-day will only go to universities of athletic fame. Hence to increase attendance publicity is fostered. In the past in order to secure victories in athletics, though there has been some reform in this matter, faculties often winked at abuses by which professionals or semi-professionals represented institutions. In one case in a large eastern city there was a series of flagrant substitutions of players not belonging to the schools, on high school teams in order to win prizes. Think of the ethical effect on the characters of all who are engaged in this procedure, or even on all those who knew of it. But it is argued boys will go to those schools only where there are winning teams, and the faculty *must* provide a winning team. True the boys do choose their schools and the parents are obeying their children. What a nice series of interlinked *non sequiturs* there is in this state of affairs which practically compels faculties—so they say—to encourage competitive athletics at the expense of the health as the physicians say, the scholarship as educational authorities say, the mental training and concentration as psychologists say, and the moral status of youth as those interested in that question declare, though the one duty of the faculty is supposed to be to secure the good of pupils in all these respects.

There are added elements in this problem. Parents like to see the names of their children in print. They rejoice more at a son's athletic standing than over a prize for good conduct. A medal for the running high jump or fancy diving or gymnastic excellence is exhibited to every visitor at home, but it is really more than a little old fashioned now and quite a bore to those who have to stand it, to show pride in the intellectual attainments of one's children. Nothing that I know makes so clear the change that has come over modes of thinking in recent years as this cult of the physical.

The abdication of authority in the family in favor of the rising generation has extended beyond the limits of the household, however, and personally I have the feeling that the real reason why we have had so much competitive athletics in spite of the many reasons that can be alleged against them, is that a certain abdication of the faculty in favor of the students has taken place in our modern institutions of learning. This abdication is represented above all by the elective system which has worked havoc with our American education, but it can be traced in many other details, as in the gradual shortening of school terms and the lengthening of vacation, in the reduction in the competition for prizes and the relegating of academic distinctions to the back ground, in the lack of discipline and particularly in the abolition of modes of punishment, quite as much as by the policy of encouragement of athletics.

Mr. Dooley characterized the elective system years ago by representing President Eliot standing at the gate welcoming the Freshman, who appeared to begin work at

the university, with the cordial greeting "Now what would you like to have our professors study for you?" This same attitude of currying favor with students in order to increase their numbers, is to be noted with regard to much of the policy that has gradually grown up in our American educational institutions.

I do not think that I could characterize in print quite as I should like this abdication of the faculty. For me discipline is the one important word in education. Discipline of mind, discipline of body, discipline of will, discipline of heart. There is no need of institutions to train people to do what they like, for they will do that whenever they get the chance. It is rather amusing that faculties should thus practically declare the nullity of education. According to the universal supposition, and surely the members of the faculty themselves would be the last to deny the truth of that supposition, the teachers in our colleges are considered to be men who have most benefited by education. They, if any, should know what the young man ought to do to receive most benefit from his education. They should be ready to act not only in an advisory capacity, but in a judicial and decisive function for the direction of youth. Instead of that they have allowed themselves to be influenced by whatever pleases the young men.

Outdoor exercises and sport and interest in games are all ideal occupations for certain periods of youth, especially growing youth, that must accommodate its growing muscles and skeleton to each other, day after day as tissue changes occur. But competitive athletics, especially intercollegiate games, are not only unnecessary for this, but they introduce a number of very undesirable elements into a youth's life. The feverish sense of competition, the betting spirit, the professional coach, the desire to win at almost any cost, the liability to overstrain, the fact that only a few of the boys are occupied actively and that the vast majority take their athletics on the benches, through their lungs and their pocketbooks, all this is eminently unfortunate. I am a thorough believer in sport, I was on practically every team at college, baseball, football, hockey, tennis and handball. I believed in all, practised them and still believe in them, but competitive athletics are doing and have done much more harm than good. A dozen years ago when I wrote an editorial for a medical journal saying that the sacrifice of young lives by our Fourth of July celebration was insensate and unjustified, I was told by my chief that the idea was all right but that it would be quite impossible to hope to break the American people of the habit of celebrating Independence Day with the din of fire works, in spite of all the danger involved for the young folk. I have lived to see the movement for a safe and sane celebration of the Fourth grow and spread until we have one-tenth as many deaths and scarcely more than one-hundredth as many injuries as formerly. Notwithstanding the entrenched position that competitive athletics occupy in our college I hope to live to see the

time when sport for the many and games for the crowd will come to replace competitive athletics—and when these games will be played not in special suits but in every day clothes so that they may be indulged in for half an hour or an hour without necessarily making a half-day of a bit of recreation. Certainly until that time comes the scholarship of our universities and colleges will continue to be the laughing stock that it has been for some years, because all matters scholarly have become entirely of second-rate interest compared to athletics and social matters in academic life. In the meantime we must at least preserve the high school and grammar school boys from the disturbing effects of competitive athletics, upon their ideals and their health.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Newman and Gladstone

I HAVE always thought the mystery of Gladstone much more difficult to fathom than the much talked of mystery of Disraeli. After a good deal of reading and thought I have succeeded in coming to some sort of conclusion in regard to the latter. I think that I really have the hang of Disraeli—as far as a European may. But I feel, I must confess, almost as far as ever from getting the hang of Gladstone. It is quite impossible to read some of his speeches, that on the Bradlaugh case, for instance, and that on the Parnell Commission, without believing the speaker to have been both high-minded and fundamentally sincere. It is the eloquence of these great deliveries which has undoubtedly created the legend of the spotless and chivalric Gladstone. On the other hand if we follow his career, even as interpreted by his almost adoring biographer, Lord Morley, we come over and over again upon acts of spiritual meanness from which I really believe that Disraeli would have shrunk. It is with one of these strange "faults" in Gladstone that I am concerned here.

Every one knows that, whatever may have been his secret thoughts on the subject, Gladstone professed throughout his life to be one of those High Churchmen who regard Rome with peculiar abhorrence. Writing in 1845 he spoke of Newman's letters announcing his probable conversion as stamping him as a "disgraced man." He never spoke of any conversion to Rome except as "a Fall." But most especially is this sort of bitterness to be found in the famous essay which he wrote in 1874 on "Vaticanism." In that pamphlet he laid especial stress upon the disastrous effect of the definition of Papal Infallibility upon the political position of Catholics. He declared that definition to be fatal to freedom and to "place the civil allegiance of every Roman Catholic at the disposal of a foreign power."

Very well. There are a great many people in England who will warmly approve of Mr. Gladstone's professed views on this question. Now let them hear the little story which I am about to tell.

In 1881 Gladstone was engaged in an attempt to crush the political and social aspirations of the Irish people. In pursuance of this policy he had first strained the existing law to the uttermost and then procured a new law overthrowing every security for personal freedom and placing the liberty of all Irishmen absolutely at the disposal of Dublin Castle. He had thrown the Irish leader and the flower of the Irish representation into gaol. He had failed. The Agrarian and Nationalist agitations in Ireland went on with increasing vigor. It was when he found the weapon of coercion breaking in his hand that he had recourse to an act of baseness which it is extraordinarily difficult to reconcile with the character of the man who, however much he may have compromised with his conscience, was certainly not without high aspirations and fine qualities.

We have seen what he thought, or at any rate professed to think, of the Catholic Church. Well, he knew that the great mass of the Irish people were members of that Church. And he was not ashamed to appeal secretly to this very same "tyranny" which he had denounced as inconsistent with freedom, with civil obedience and patriotism, in order to procure a censure on those honest and faithful priests who had bravely taken the side of the weak against the stronger. And in order to make this appeal effective he was ready to use, if he could, the influence of the man whom he himself had declared to "stand disgraced" on account of his conversion.

The selection was, it must be admitted, not without a certain cleverness. Had the appeal been made, say, to Manning with his wide democratic sympathies and his affectionate enthusiasm for the Irish people, it would have met short shrift enough. Newman was a more hopeful case. Newman was and always had been a Tory. In his early youth he had, when staying in France, pulled down the blind that he might not behold the tricolor. Time, and, perhaps, to some extent, his conversion from Anglicanism had made his views, in his later years, wider, more philosophical and less rigid. But a Tory he remained. In one of his last letters he exclaimed: "How dreadful this democracy is!" Nor had he any special affection or sympathy for the Irish people. We know from the "Apologia" that his detestation of O'Connell was actually one of the causes that delayed his progress towards the Catholic Church. "Break off with Mr. O'Connell in Ireland," he writes to a Catholic correspondent, "before you talk of reunion." Here again, his conversion undoubtedly softened him, but it never made him really at home with the Irish, and I think that any one who studies closely the history of the failure of his scheme for a Catholic University in Dublin will come to the conclusion that it was largely attributable to the underlying antagonism between the Oxford Tory and the representatives of the very racy and popular Catholicism of Ireland. Further, Newman, Tory as he was, had continued to follow Gladstone's political career ever since the "Church and State" days with interest and admira-

tion. Newman was therefore not a bad person to select for Gladstone's purpose. But when we consider that Gladstone's savage denunciation of the political influence of the Vatican had actually led him into a controversy with Newman, it must be admitted that his request that Newman should induce the Pope to intervene for the purpose of crushing the liberties of Ireland was rather cool.

Gladstone wrote to Newman, and sent him a number of extracts from speeches made by Irish priests during the Land War. He accompanied them with a letter in which he wrote: "I ask you to read the enclosed papers; and to consider whether you will write anything to Rome upon them. I do not ask you to write, nor to make any reply to this letter, beyond returning the enclosures in an envelope to me in Downing Street." After referring to Peel's attempt to obtain a Papal denunciation of O'Connell he reverts to the present case and says:

Some members of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland deliver certain sermons and otherwise express themselves in the way which my enclosures exhibit. I doubt whether if they were laymen we would not have settled their cases by putting them into gaol. I need not describe the sentiments uttered. Your Eminence will feel them and judge them as strongly as I do. But now as to the Supreme Pontiff. You will hardly be surprised when I say that I regard him, if appraised of the facts, as responsible for the conduct of these priests, for I know perfectly well that he has the means of silencing them; and that if any one of them were inclined to dispute the decrees of the Council of 1870 as plainly as he denounced law and order he would be silent.

I really think that in the face of that letter, when taken in conjunction with his famous pamphlet on "Vaticanism," Gladstone stands, to use his own energetic expression, "a disgraced man." For just consider what he is doing. He is invoking a power which he has declared to be abominably tyrannical and an apostasy from true Catholic principles, which he has denounced especially for its alleged interference with national politics, he is appealing to it, he is asking it to interfere in national politics, he is asking it to interfere on the side of oppression, and he is asking to be his intermediary a man whom he has called "disgraced" for having submitted to that power at all. He is trying to procure the ruin of a number of priests whose sole offence is that they have stood by their country and by the poor when he was oppressing both, and he is prepared to crush them by means of an authority which he himself has not only repudiated, but denounced as fatal to freedom and to civil obedience!

Newman replied politely, but coolly, declining the task of informer against his coreligionists, and telling Gladstone in effect that if he had any complaints to make of the discipline of the Irish Church, he had better go to the Irish bishops. But though Newman was now old and his great fighting days were over, he could not forbear one of those quiet stabs which his hand knew so well how to inflict. With an oblique reference to their Vati-

can controversy he remarked that he had always thought that Mr. Gladstone "overrated the Pope's powers in political and social matters." He was infallible, without doubt, in questions of faith and morals, but his plenary powers could not be invoked on such a question as "whether a political party is censurable or not." The rebuke was deftly given, but it was less than Gladstone deserved.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

The Songs We Sing*

"LET me make a nation's ballads, and I care not Oh, I beg your pardon; I might have known that you had heard that before. At any rate, you will probably agree with me that the men who write the present ballads would have small chance of making any sort of law. It takes brains to write most laws. Besides, the fashion of writing laws in doggerel passed out of vogue with the last of the Druids.

Of course, the present race of song-writers may be estimable men morally and intellectually. I only say that you never could surmise it from what the critics call internal evidence. The songs we sing! Ye immortal and abused Muses, the songs we sing! Such lyrics, such themes, such marvelous rhythm! The first suggests the virgin efforts of a rather backward schoolboy; the second, suggests a dozen others of earlier date; the last, a rhythmical boiler-riveter or a packing case falling down stairs.

No one who aspires to a bowing acquaintance with culture thinks of building up a library of Bertha M. Clay's, or The Duchess's or Mary Jane Holmes's condensed sobs and sighs. But it is a matter of common custom to gather a musical library that begins with the last of the dialect songs, and ends with the latest tearful ballad. Men and women who in college or school days learned to ornament their library tables with Shakespere and Tennyson and Thackeray and Lamb, heap high their expensive piano with Berlin and Von Tilzer, and Gumble and Schwartz. At which the shades of Beethoven and Mozart and Schubert and MacDowell do weep!

There are some current songs that might be paralleled with say, McCutcheon's unreal romances of imaginary kingdoms. A very few rank higher. But for the great out-put that flows over the music counters in a pitiless flood, The Duchess standard of literature would be unapproachable.

For it takes at least some physical energy to type out the yards and yards of manuscript that go to make up a novel. It takes only nerve to write a song. Education? It is the proud boast of many a lyrist that he never went beyond the multiplication table, a rather obvious boast, while at least one notorious compiler of music, picks out his melodies with the index finger of his right hand. Rather frequently, he does some bad picking. The speed

with which these musical hacks grind out their work is the only thing that wins even the slightest respect for their ability. Tennyson spending hours over a line of his exquisite lyrics, would have small chance on the staff of a modern musical publisher, while many a man who might have been a good barber or an efficient waiter or a satisfactory ribbon salesman or a fair coal heaver, is making a fortune overwhelming the suffering public with wretched songs.

Before me lies a copy of one of these songs, modestly termed by its publishers, "The Greatest Song about the Greatest Game in the World." "The Game of Love" they say, "is one ballad in a thousand. Never before have its smiles or sorrows been portrayed so naively, so ingeniously, or set to such heartfelt Arcadian-simple melody as in this latest hit." Did Schubert, when he was weaving Goethe's lyrics to his charming melodies ever dream of praise like this? Rejoicing that I had come upon a song of surpassing beauty, I read, I paused, I—but read the refrain for yourself:

Sometimes it's joy for a girlie or boy,
Then blue as the skies up above.
Sometimes you're sad, sometimes you're glad,
When you play in the game of love.

No, unsophisticated reader, that is not a parody, nor the poetical maunderings of a love-sick chambermaid. That is the most naive, the surpassingly ingenuous expression of the tenderest of emotions. That is painting the lily. Fancy the lily! That is a modern song!

The first line with its fresh use of the word "girlie" and its rhyme of boy and joy, recalls the simple charm of Lovelace at his best. The vivid suggestion of the second plunged the mind in a riot of imagery, simply overpowering. The sky, and lo, it is blue! not only that, but it is up above! What power of observation! What a mastery of the charms of nature. Where in all Pope do you find one line comparable in its startling antithesis to the third? The last, summing up in a single adverbial clause the tenderest experiences of a period from calf-love to senility, has a compression, a vigor that suggests the songs of Pippa Passes.

And the heart-felt, Arcadian-simple melody! Ah, let us give credit where credit is due; attribute it not to the heart but to the memory; call it not felt, but recalled. Simple? Aye, rather say inane, stupid, altogether foolish! A little observation and a bit of memory work bring some startling results. A change of tempo but a strict retention of melody of a bit from the venerable "Under the Bamboo Tree," give us the first four bars. Three bars and a tie pass unrecognized, the philologist is not omniscient; then four bars of a song from the ill-fated Mr. Bluebeard, and a tag end of four bars drawn from the common fund of popular endings, and this little song is rounded with a Theft.

It is not so long back, that some clever advertising man uncovered a pet fallacy of the commercial world. A new invention does not become popular, he said, because it

*The first of a series of four articles.

fills a long felt need. Whoever felt the need of a telephone till we had them? Whoever knew how comfortable limousines and electric lights and thermos bottles and typewriters would be, till they had been invented? The real idea in business is to invent your machine and then create a need for it. Such a factitious need the music publishers have been successful in creating. Their business has been commercialized to even a more exasperating degree than the book or magazine industry. Song after song they hurl at the public's head, pouring through their sub-stations, the moving picture house, the cabaret, the ten cent store, the neighborhood theater, a continuous flood of sheet music. Their staff of writers knows no holiday, no respite from labor. Their days are spent changing, revamping, copying, varying to the maximum of mathematical arrangement. Their nights are spent in popularizing the results of the day.

Yes, the popular song has become as much a part of modern life as the newspaper, and almost as frequent. It is one of the outgrowths of our growing craving for novelty. Devoid of merit, musical or literary, its one claim to recognition is its newness, and that is the last thing to commend it to a thoughtful man. It is fatal to a taste for good music. And morally? Ah, that is a whole subject in itself.

DANIEL A. LORD, S. J.

The Protestant Tradition

RESOLUTIONS of the Southern Baptist Convention at Houston, Texas, supporting the *Menace* propaganda and imputing anti-American and other crimes to Pope, Church, Delegate and Hierarchy, provoked indignant and well-deserved protest from the Catholics of that locality. And yet what else could they expect? Bigotry holds its last stand in Dixie. Catholic growth and the opportunity of comparing real Catholics with traditional Protestant imaginings have weakened or routed it in most of its northern strongholds, leaving it in possession of unscrupulous manipulators and their ignorant and fanatical dupes. But down South it is different. Even yet there are large tracts where people have never seen a priest and picture him with horns and hoofs. The good folk are little to blame. They have heard him thundered against in their pulpits till they have become convinced that everything Catholic is an abomination. Visiting such a community to perform funeral rites for a lone and transient Catholic, the present writer was met by the Sheriff, who enjoined the greatest caution, as the people, unlike himself who had been once to New Orleans, had never seen a priest. The villages and the whole countryside had gathered as to a circus and were visibly disappointed on seeing nothing more out of the ordinary than a Roman collar. When they heard the beautiful prayers of the Ritual, and the Catholic doctrine on the subject, further explanation was requested, with the result that the leading residents asked for a permanent priest and promised to erect a Catholic

church, where they would "get the Word of God straight and have no cussing out of nobody."

But the village and backwood preachers will not discard the "cussing-out" feature, and even their more urbane brethren, North and South, are seldom loth to use it when opportunity invites. It is their stock in trade, and logically the reason of their existence. Protestantism, in its essence and origin, is a protest against the Catholic Church, and obstinate, impassioned protest is wont to develop into the "cussing-out" process. It did in the case of Luther, who from his initial revolt set a pace in slanderous malediction and filthy vituperation that his most virulent and vulgar disciples find impossible to outstep. The specimens of his methods presented in chapter 26 of the fourth volume of Father Grisar's "Luther," just issued by Herder, are frequently veiled and euphemized since literal renderings would be unprintable, but even in this guise his vilifications of the Papacy and its defenders and even of his own sectarian opponents, are such that their utterance on our streets would cause instant arrest. His main asset was slanderous abuse. To him all Papists were "the devil and his hirelings," but the Pope himself was "Anti-christ," "a dirty — sack of maggots" and other things unmentionably vile. "It is thus we should learn to make use of such words," he advised. "We must curse the Pope and his Kingdom and revile and abuse it, and not close our jaws but preach against it without ceasing"; and to those who deem him "capable of nothing but damning, scolding and slandering the Pope and his followers," he replies: "Yes, and so it must be," for "what is it if I abuse the devil as a murderer, miscreant, traitor, blasphemer, liar? . . . What else are the Pope-Asses but devils incarnate"? He intended to "go down into the grave cursing and damning the miscreants," and, when he died, "to turn into a spirit that will plague them."

Erasmus deemed him mad, but if so there was determinate method in his madness. The Petrine texts, the promise of Christ that the Spirit of Truth would teach His Church all things and abide with her all time, and the actual apostolic succession of doctrine, authority and practice for fifteen centuries, could not be set aside by argument. Hence to dethrone the God-given authority of Christ's Vicar, and erect in its place individual infallibility, to extirpate the sacrificial and sacramental beliefs and observances of all Christian generations and destroy the ethical teachings of Church and Scripture by making an indefinite "faith" do duty for good works, slanderous ridicule and vulgar appeals to passion were indispensable weapons. This armory of vituperative calumny Luther used with an unbridled and brutal license that none other has compassed, and commended the practice to his disciples.

They accepted the legacy. They were constrained logically to follow his methods or reject his doctrines. Fortunately not all the heirs of his protests were or are logical. Under the influence of Catholic environment

and a native sense of justice, the large numbers who have shed all of Protestantism but its name will not "curse the Pope and his Kingdom"; but those who still adhere to his heresy or retain of it but its sediments of bigotry, adopt also the Lutheran methods of protesting. But their powers and the public keep them far behind their master. "Nothing is too bad to say of the Pope and the Papists," Luther reiterated, and so exhaustively did he charge them with every conceivable wickedness that the echoes of even the *Menace* and its kind are faint in comparison. His befoulings of Pope and priesthood are even less quotable than those of the *Menace*, and his typical characterization of Joachim of Brandenburg, solely for that prince's loyalty to the Church,—"*Liar, mad bloodhound, devilish Papist, murderer, traitor, desperate miscreant, assassin of souls, archknave, dirty pig and devil's-child, nay the devil himself*"—is a hard headline for the most virulent of our modern bigots. "Pig, devil, anti-christ," flanked by the vilest adjectives, were his pet epithets for Pope and Papists, and all their doctrines and doings he incessantly assigned and consigned to the devil. Essaying to smother his opponents in contempt and hate, he balked at no lie or slander, no falsification of Scripture, history or fact, no appeal, however base, to local, national and racial antipathies and to the cupidity and licentiousness of peasant and of prince.

Hence we are rather surprised at the comparative mildness of the Southern Baptist excommunications of the "Romish Church." Having roundly charged Catholics in general and the Hierarchy and Papal Delegate in particular, with plotting to control the Government and thus "fasten their faith or fallacies upon the consciences of a free and enlightened people," these self-confessed apostles of civil and religious liberty stigmatized opposition to the *Menace* propaganda, and commanded our public men to keep away from Catholic functions and functionaries, to allow no committals to Catholic institutions and "to kill all Romish schemes" for excluding improper matter from the mails; and they exacted immediate acceptance of their demands on the ground that "Baptists have borne the brunt of the battle which has given religious liberty to the people of the United States." All this is quite Lutheran in substance though in manner a vast improvement on Lutheresque. They are consistent with him, (1) In falsely charging the Catholic Church with the political aims and activities that are notoriously their own, for Luther, while denouncing the Catholic authorities on the same plea was feverishly building up his evangel by unscrupulous political intrigue; (2) in threatening public men who are friendly to Catholics, a practice of which we have given one sample from Luther's library of calumny; (3) in trying to remove all restriction from the mail, for not otherwise could Luther's own writings get through; and (4) in posing as champions of civil and religious liberty while engaged in destroying it for all except themselves.

The statement that the Baptists bore the brunt of the

battle for civil and religious liberty in the United States is brazenly Lutheran. The less than 10,000 Baptists then on this Continent were not heard of in connection with the Revolution, and it is notorious that the Catholics, the only denomination to which Washington paid tribute for their patriotism, had, with our French Catholic allies, the dominating influence in securing equal religious and civil liberty for all, as they were notoriously the class that had been previously denied it. The oft-repeated charge that Catholics are scheming for political control is equally brazen, but we are glad it is made and hope it will continue to be made till Catholics realize their political ostracization and insist on their citizen rights. We have over three million voters, about one-fifth of the whole, and yet while Baptist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Nothingarian, are all equally eligible, a Catholic, even though he combine the concentrated qualities of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, is barred by Protestant prejudice from the Presidency. Our twenty millions are represented by the merest sprinkling in Congress, by not half a dozen in the Senate, and in the National Cabinet of the party to whose election they contributed one-third of the votes, by not even one. So meek are we that we uttered no word of complaint against such glaring discrimination; nay, the woods and wards are teeming with Catholics who cry out "inexpedient" when a Catholic, however qualified, is suggested for a position of prominence; and yet they charge us with scheming for political control! Our most effective answer, and our best service to our country, is to see to it by every legitimate means at our disposal, and they are ample, that this un-American ostracization shall stop, and that neither we nor others shall be filched of one jot of our constitutional rights by that politico-religious discrimination which Mr. Taft lately branded as supremely narrow and unrepugnant; in other words to actualize Cardinal O'Connell's recent advice to the Federated Catholic Societies of Massachusetts: "Stand firm against this false Americanism, and stand firm for your faith and civil rights, and all true Americans will stand with you."

As to the Baptist Conventioneers and their kind, things are not as bad as would appear from the resolutions. A thousand of the "Messengers" had departed before the anti-Catholic anathemas came up, leaving their discharge to some two hundred firebrands. As we have seen, the bigotry of the Baptist population, as well as of the Methodists and others, is due more to ignorance than ill-will. Our most effective answer to that kind of bigotry is to live Catholic lives, and exemplify our Faith by our works, supplementing this best of object lessons by the diffusion of Catholic truth. Had we the men and the means to show the Catholic priesthood as it is, Catholic doctrines as they are, and Catholic conduct as it should be, in every parson-ridden district of South and North, the Baptist resolutions and kindred fulminations would die unborn, or fall on unheeding ears.

MICHAEL KENNY, S.J.

What Happened on July 4, 1776

TRUMBULL'S painting "The Declaration of Independence," in the rotunda of the Capitol, supplies the idea of the event that the Fourth of July is thought to commemorate. Standing in a picturesque group the fifty-six Fathers of the Republic are supposed to have then affixed their autographs to the immortal Declaration. This however is fiction and to people who read their history as they do their daily papers, headlines only with guesses at the rest, it is a shock to learn that the Declaration of Independence was not signed on July 4, 1776 at all, nor in fact until some weeks later. The sequence of events was in this order.

On June 7 Richard Henry Lee introduced a resolution in the Continental Congress declaring: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." This was debated and adopted on July 2, by the vote of twelve colonies. That evening John Adams wrote to his wife Abigail:

The second Day of July, 1776 will be the most memorable Epoca in the History of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding Generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn Acts of Devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with Pomp, Parade, with Shews, Games, Sports, Bells, Bonfires, Illuminations from one end of this Continent to the other, from this time forward forever more.

Thomas Jefferson then began to write the Declaration, which was the official explanation "to a candid world," why the resolution of July 2 had been adopted. He had the document ready on July 4 and Congress was quick to accept the draft. John Hancock as President of the Congress, attested it, it was ordered printed, and the next day copies were distributed throughout the colonies. There are no authentic records of any bell-ringing, or rejoicings for the document was not imparted to the general public until July 8 when Colonel John Nixon read it from a platform that had been erected to observe the transit of Venus. "Few respectable people were present," records Deborah Logan, who saw from her garden adjoining the audience that listened to Nixon.

On July 19, Congress ordered that the Declaration adopted on July 4, should be engrossed on parchment and signed by all the members. On August 2 fifty-three or fifty-four signed the document, the others signing it later. In this regard it may be remarked that a popular Catholic tradition is upset by the fact that Charles Carroll was not present in Congress at all on July 4, 1776; in fact he did not join that body until July 18. Neither was his signature "of Carrollton" an incident of the signing of our great charter. The "Last of the Signers" had used this designation for ten years before; from the time he returned to his native land from college at St. Omer, when his father gave him the Carrollton manor. Writing in 1765 to his friend Edmund Jennings he signed himself "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" adding "by which appellation, if you favor me with an answer, direct to me your letter."

The first formal Catholic celebration of Independence Day took place in Philadelphia, on Sunday, July 4, 1779, when M. Gerard, the first French minister to the United States, invited the President, members of Congress and other distinguished citizens "to assist at a Te Deum which will be sung, on Sunday the 4th of this month, at noon, in the new Catholic chapel, to commemorate the anniversary of the independence of the United States of America." The "new" chapel was St. Mary's church, so called to distinguish it from old St. Joseph's in Willing's alley. The sermon of the occasion was preached in French by the chaplain of the French embassy, the Rev. Seraphin Bandol, a Recollet friar. What he said so pleased the members of Congress that they ordered an official

translation to be printed. In making a report of the event to his government M. Gerard said: "It is the first ceremony of the kind in the thirteen States, and it is thought that the éclat of it will have a beneficial effect on the Catholics, many of whom are suspected of not being very much attached to the American cause."

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

A "Journal of Opinion"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the *New Republic* for June 19, is a comment on a short article I wrote for AMERICA (June 12) about the attempted repeal of section 1142 of the New York penal code, which makes it a misdemeanor to give information subversive of the end of marriage. The *New Republic* calls itself in a subtitle a "Journal of Opinion." When we really know a thing we are certain; when we know in part we have an opinion. As it is impossible to be certain about many things, and a cocksure dogmatism is vulgarity, the *New Republic's* subtitle is commendably modest. When, however, a teacher of the public is a journal only of opinion in matters where certitude is possible and a duty in a responsible instructor, mere opinion is ignorance; and there are many degrees of ignorance.

I said the most helpless idiot is as far above a non-existent child as Saint Bridget is above a committee on birth control, and on this text the *New Republic* asks questions:

1. "Must we say that all potential children should be born?" Potential is a distinguishable term, but in general we say that the more children we have in the world the better, even if the number runs over into the frontier of potentiality, or annoys the wheat statisticians.

2. The *New Republic* asks again "Are we to take a firm stand against celibacy, which denies to so many children the right to be baptized?" That question is altogether irrelevant; it has no connection whatever with the matter at issue, which deals with married folk, and the nature of marriage, to the exclusion of celibacy and the nebular hypothesis. Given a married man and woman they must fulfil the obligations of marriage. Celibacy has no more to do with this than Mesopotamia has.

3. "Will Dr. O'Malley tell us which is the greater virtue, to bear children that they may be baptized, or to have no children for the glory of one's own soul?" I should not tell, because this question also is utterly irrelevant. Nevertheless, I assure him that if one is married it is a much greater virtue to bear children that may be baptized, than to have no children for the glory of one's own soul; and that for several reasons, the most important of which is that granted marital intercourse it is ordinarily impossible "to have no children for the glory of one's own soul." Saint Paul said celibacy for the glory of God is better than marriage, but that is yet another story altogether.

4. "How large a family, in fact, does Dr. O'Malley desire a woman to bear? May she stop after the fourteenth infant, or must she say to herself: 'There are still non-existent children, some of them helpless idiots perhaps. I will bear them that they may be baptized.'" No; I should not have her stop at the fourteenth—the limit is the menopause in normal cases, which might come after the twenty-eighth child, if you like. She must say to herself exactly what the *New Republic* suggests.

A human monster, in the technical medical sense of this term, which is born alive as a mere part of a trunk, without head or limbs, is beyond all our understanding better than a non-existent being. *Esse est absolute melius quam non esse* is a rudimentary axiom of metaphysics, which is a very exact science when it has not been made in Germany or at Harvard on German models.

Existence or reality is a perfection; non-existence is a defect of all reality. Sometimes non-existence may be deemed good *per accidens*, in as much as non-existence removes a certain evil, but that again is irrelevant. As Saint Thomas Aquinas said speaking of a leper's wife: "*Et quamvis generatur infirma proles tamen melius est ei sic esse quam penitus non esse.*" [Supplement to the *Summa Theologica*, Q. 64, a. 1, ad 4].

The difficulty in arguing with the writer in the *New Republic* lies in the fact that he (or is it she?) is of the opinion that baptism and eternal life with God are thin consolation for big board bills and disturbance in the wheat pit, but I know that the sufferings of this life are not to be compared with the glory of the things to come. To attain harmony I should have to make the writer a Christian, or he would have to make a man of "opinion" of me, and the weather is too hot for that.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

The Later Interpretation of Magna Charta

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the current issue (June 26) of AMERICA your esteemed correspondent, "H. H.," has taken me to task for what is apparently an iconoclastic vein in my article, "Magna Charta's Centenary" which appeared in the *Catholic Mind* of June 12. If it were solely a question of the later interpretation put upon the Great Charter by English constitutional lawyers, or if it were a question of the important influence which the Magna Charta, germ-like, has had upon the larger freedom Englishmen have won for themselves since 1215, there would be no point at issue between your correspondent and myself. But it was neither that later interpretation nor that influence which I discussed in my article. It was the Charter itself. I cannot claim with your esteemed correspondent to be "a lawyer trained in the school and traditions of the Common Law of England," and for this reason the conclusions of my study on the Magna Charta, which by the way are by no means new or original, may be at fault. Before being obliged to make that admission, however, I beg leave to submit the following to your correspondent. He writes as follows:—*The Magna Charta gave to the English-speaking peoples of the world the civil liberty they enjoy.* To support this, "H. H." offers the following arguments:

A. *Trial by jury.* 39th Clause, "No freeman shall be arrested or detained in prison or deprived of his freehold or outlawed or banished or in any way molested; and we will not set forth against him or send against him unless by the lawful judgment of his peers and by the law of the land." It has been usual to read this clause, says a recent commentator on the Great Charter, as containing a guarantee of trial by jury to all Englishmen; as absolutely prohibiting arbitrary commitment; and as undertaking solemnly to dispense to all and sundry an equal justice, full, free and speedy. This traditional view has been strengthened by Blackstone, Hallam and Creasy. Apart from the fact that "H. H." may have been misled by an inadequate translation of this clause, there are serious reasons for believing that this traditional view, which is shared by your correspondent, is an exaggerated one. There are three crucial questions in this clause—the meaning of the word *freeman*, the value to be put on the words *by the lawful judgment of his peers*, and the meaning of the *law of the land*.

a) The commentators mentioned by "H. H." in their enthusiasm for the Magna Charta extend the word *freeman* to embrace the entire population of England—churchmen, merchants, yeomen and villeins or serfs. The words *homo liber* (freeman) are vague, but one fact is certain: *homo* in medieval law-Latin does not mean man in the sense of *every man*; it rather signifies *baron*, that is, all feudal vassals whether of the crown or the nobles of the realm. The word *free* decidedly excludes all villeins and possibly the burgess class which would partly include

the commercial class. For this reason, I am inclined to believe that the word *freeman* has a much more restricted meaning—probably extending only to the holder of a freehold estate. In the 34th Clause of the Charter, the word *freeman* clearly means a country gentleman, and it would be difficult, even with the large knowledge of Blackstone and others, to prove that it has not the same meaning in Clause 39. A modest historical estimate places the number of *non-freemen* in 1215 as five-sixths of the realm.

b) The words *per judicium parium* are also vague because their meaning will depend upon the content of the term *homo liber*; but even granting the construction put upon *the lawful judgment of his peers* by the traditional view, it does not deserve to be held up as something new. This feudal usage of being judged by one's equals antedates the Magna Charta and is found indeed among the feudal usages of Continental Europe.

c) *Per legem terrae* had a more technical meaning in 1215 than the phrase *the law of the land* as used to-day. Coke's interpretation (*Second Institute*, page 46) is his own peculiar one, and the right translation of the words is that the freeman was granted the right to the "test" (*lex*), i.e., battle, compurgation, or ordeal.

B. *The Habeas Corpus.* The 36th Clause: "Nothing in the future shall be given or taken for a writ of inquisition of life and limbs, but freely it shall be granted and never denied." Again I must submit that we are not concerned with what Hallam and others have read into the Magna Charta. This clause, the usual one given in support of the Habeas Corpus has no bearing whatsoever on the same. It simply regulates the conditions of trial by combat.

C. *Representative Government.* The 12th, 13th and 14th Clauses quoted by "H. H." in support of the claim that the origin of representative government is to be seen in them, are in reality restrictive. They restrict the right of attendance at the *Commune Concilium* (Edmund Burke saw in this the House of Commons!) to the freeholders of the crown and abolish the privileges of the counties to send representatives. Your correspondent has given the traditional view in quoting the famous words, "no scutage (which he erroneously translates, *taxes*) or aids shall be imposed in our kingdom unless by common council of the kingdom." Scutage, of course, was not taxes in our sense of the word, but the payment of money as an alternative for military service. Here again careful discrimination is necessary between what the Charter says and its later developments. It is certain that the germ "no representation, no taxation" is found here, but only the enthusiast would claim that the historical content of this clause is the same as the principle appealed to by the American people in Revolutionary days.

The Magna Charta is a great historic document, and as Doctor McKechnie has said, it is no disparagement to it to confess that part of its power has been read into it by later generations and lies in the halo, almost of romance, which has gradually gathered around it in the course of centuries. Your correspondent has aroused a very interesting question, and I should be very glad to send him fuller references to these different parts of his letter which I have taken up for reply.

PETER GUILDAY, PH. D.

The Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

"Americanization Day"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The fear that some of your readers may not properly comprehend the result of the movement to hold "Americanization Day" ceremonies throughout the United States on the Fourth of July, which you mention in your editorial, "Difficulties of Aliens," in AMERICA of June 12, impels me to dwell on the dangers underlying this proposition.

It seems at first glance a good thing, but when we look

deeper there are several grave mistakes in the movement, which happily some of our New York newspapers have already perceived and have commented on editorially. It is all very well to seek each year to impress citizens with the solemnity of their obligations to their country, but certainly we must agree that there should not be any distinction made between different classes of our citizens. As it is, many of our native born are fit subjects for such lecturing; some of them accept much too lightly the rights for which their forefathers shed their blood. Nowhere in the Constitution or in our scheme of government is there any distinction made between native and naturalized citizens, save in the one instance, the qualification for president. By the very fact that we gather together our naturalized and lecture them as a class apart from the main body, and propose to do this every Fourth of July in every city and community throughout the country, are we not fostering a dangerous political division of our citizen body into "Native-American" and "Naturalized-American"? "German-American," "Italian-American," etc., is but a step removed. Nowadays, we hear and see so much about the grave menace of the "hyphenated American." In what way shall we more surely make this sort of Americans than by fomenting an unnatural and artificial demand for naturalization, and the building up of this class distinction? This "Americanization Day" scheme is simply a wave of hysteria impelled by a few persons who might better inoculate into their own systems a truer sense of patriotism; it smacks of paternalism; the very idea of telling the naturalized that they must do what they have already taken an oath to do, is insulting to say the least. Assimilation, which is the goal sought, can never be accomplished by these pernicious methods.

Then, too, the furtherance of movements to cause our alien population to seek naturalization can have but one result, the stirring up of an artificial and unnatural demand for naturalization. Citizenship is a privilege, not a right. It should properly be sought by the alien himself without any urging by foolish "reformers." The man who is practically dragged in by the heels and urged to renounce allegiance to his native country is not accomplishing his naturalization in the way we desire. Better that foreigners should never join our citizen body than that our standard of citizenship should be lowered by the naturalization of men who are not thoroughly familiar and in accord with our institutions and to whom the oath of allegiance means merely the road to pecuniary gain. The acquirement of this sort of citizens threatens the very foundations of our liberties.

"Americanization Day" is an insult to those who acquire citizenship through altruistic motives; it needs no ceremony to impress upon such people the high privilege they have attained. On the contrary, no amount of "Americanization" ceremonies, either before or after naturalization, will truly Americanize him who acquires citizenship indifferently or through ulterior motives.

Brooklyn.

HUGH L. HANLY.

Flowers and Funerals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It seems a pity that a suggestion, thoroughly Catholic in aim and origin, should fail to receive the hearty approval of those specially chosen by God to foster the supernatural. "A Priest" in your issue of June 19, takes exception to the letter of "A Catholic Layman" entitled "Wasted Money." His logic is not so fair as the flowers he would have us place on the coffin of the departed. Money spent on flowers is not wasted, he tells us, because the florist derives profit from the customer. Neither then is money spent on trashy novels wasted, because the bookseller profits by

the sale: neither is money wasted when lavished on expensive gowns, for the modiste profits thereby. Money is never wasted, "A Priest" would have us believe, so long as someone profits by the expenditure. A marvelous economic principle indeed! "A Priest" also tells us that "Catholics are human—at least before a retreat by the Jesuit Fathers." Perhaps "A Catholic Layman" did catch a little of the "inhuman" spirit of Ignatius of Loyola, whose sons are buried with simplicity and without flowers, but not without many Masses and many Communion being offered for their souls. But put the question fairly to any good Catholic: Would you prefer me to place flowers on your casket, or have Masses said for your soul? If he be "human" he may choose the roses; if inhuman, he will choose the Masses. The scent of roses can not cool the flames of purgatory; the Blood of Jesus can extinguish them.

"A Priest" cites Ecclesiasticus, but to what purpose it is hard to see. "Simon...shone in his days...as the flower of roses in the days of the Spring..." Be it so. Simon led a good life—what mention here of flowers wilting on the casket of the dead? II Mach. xii: 43 is a more pertinent text: "He (Judas Machabeus) sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead." Not a word about "flowers...around the bier of the dead to help relieve desolation...of death." Nor is the quotation from Matt. xxiii: 23, more to the point which as applied is taken to mean that we should "send a floral offering...and not fail to have a Mass offered." The text reads: "These things you ought to have done, and not to have left those undone." With as much right it could be applied as follows: First have a Mass said, for the soul rather than for the body; and then, if you will, send flowers, for they are of but secondary importance, although in themselves a graceful tribute.

Is it true that they only are truly sympathetic who forward floral tributes to the homes of the dead? To me it seems that they are my deepest sympathizers who try to assuage the pain of those dear to me; and this they do most effectually by having Masses said for my departed loved ones. A card bearing an offering of Masses carries a far more sympathetic message than does a card embedded in roses: for roses speak of death and decay, a Mass tells of resurrection and reunion. A "Priest" contends that "friends who will send flowers may be depended upon...to remember also the departed soul." Will "A Priest" be kind enough to let "A Catholic Layman" know how many Masses he receives next month from just such friends? Will he note the number of floral pieces at his next six funerals and let "A Catholic Layman" know if he received as many or one third as many Masses for the departed soul? Many can not afford a floral piece, who could readily have a Mass said, and thus, on a card, "voice the feelings of the heart as eloquently as words." "A Priest" seems convinced that all is as it should be as long as we are certain of the flowers and doubtful about the Masses. Far from it. Once the custom of Mass-offering is as common as the offering of flowers is to-day, then we may busy ourselves about the whole roomful of flowers.

Lastly "A Priest" swings over to a new topic and asserts that a discussion concerning the "high cost" of a "casket" "of dying," "of sickness," would be more fruitful and more worthy of AMERICA. What about the undertakers, and druggists and doctors and casket-makers? In the earlier part of his letter "A Priest" chides "A Catholic Layman" because he failed to take the "florist's standpoint" into consideration. "Evidently 'A Layman' is not in the floral business." Evidently too, "A Priest" is not in the undertaking business, neither is he a doctor nor a casket-maker. Do you, "Catholic Layman," inhuman though you be, keep up your agitation. The souls in purgatory will be with you, the florists and "A Priest" may be against you.

San Francisco.

Z. M.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1915.

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.
President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSLEIN;
Treasurer, JOHN D. WHEELER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00 (16s.)

Address:
THE AMERICA PRESS, 59 East 83d Street, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

An interview in which His Holiness, Benedict XV is supposed to discuss the war with the representative of a newspaper syndicate has been published with comments in the American press. Catholics will do well to remember that it is not the custom of the Holy See to address itself to the world through the medium of the secular press. Pontifical Documents have already disclosed the mind of the Sovereign Pontiff on the great conflict. Whatever pronouncements His Holiness may be pleased to issue in future on this matter, will no doubt be conveyed to the world through the same official and authentic channels.

The Great Task: 1863-1915

“FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation.” Fifty-two years have been added to the fourscore and seven, since at Gettysburg Lincoln looked beyond that field of valor, to consecrate in imperishable words, the whole American people “to the great task remaining before us.” By the blessing of God, we are not what we then were, a broken nation, a house divided against itself, a people overwhelmed with the miseries of war. One flag is ours, one country, one undivided allegiance.

Deep and wide our fathers laid the foundations of our country's greatness. It is now our task to perfect what they so nobly began. That there are daftly influences at work to-day, threatening the destruction of the very principles upon which all stable government and civilization itself must rest, it would be folly to deny. A religion which canonizes moral anarchy is creeping in among us, slowly, insidiously, and surely. Its god is self; its highest virtue, selfishness; its primary effect, a weakening of the individual's sense of responsibility to lawfully constituted authority.

Nothing but the religion of Christ which proclaims unselfish love of country a Christian virtue, can avert the baneful effects of this anarchy from the commonwealth.

Not by making a fetish of a flag, nor by rhapsodical protestations of patriotism, can we transmit unimpaired to future generations all that is noble in our national heritage, but only by exemplifying in our private and public lives, the principles of Christianity. This is “the great task before us”; a personal task, more urgently insistent than the burden which pressed upon our Fathers in the darkest day of internecine strife.

Mother Mary Xavier

ANOTHER of those remarkable women who have contributed so powerfully to the upbuilding of the Church in the United States has heard the summons of death, and laid down the burden that for so long it has been her duty to bear. A pioneer, weak indeed in sex, but strong with the strength of her love for God, has gone to the grave, with the glory of more than three-quarters of a century of heroic and successful labor on her aged head. Throughout the States of the east, orphans and foundlings are mourning for her mother's care; little children without number are weeping for the children's friend; those for whom her ministering hands have eased the pain of fatal disease, are wishing that they might have been taken, and she left; and students old and young, subjects lay and religious, are pondering sadly on the meekness of her gentle sway. And yet they are not selfish in their regret. One and all, they are glad for her sake that she has gone to her reward.

Mother Mary Xavier Mehegan, who died at Convent Station, on June 23, leaves behind her an extraordinary record. If she had done no more than “live pure, right wrong, follow the King,” for sixty-eight years, she would have done much. That she should have been judged worthy to direct for fifty-six unbroken years the many and varied works of a large community of Sisters of Charity, is a still clearer testimony to her high qualities of mind and heart. Those who prefer to test excellence by material results need only look to the numerous schools, parochial and industrial, to the hospitals, orphanages, infant asylums, academies and homes for incurables, that have grown up under her supervision and are directed by her community in the dioceses of Newark, Trenton, Boston, Hartford and New York. And no one who has seen the College of St. Elizabeth will doubt that she has left in its imposing and artistic group of buildings an enduring monument to the courage and loftiness of her educational ideals.

Certainly Bishop Bayley acted wisely when in 1858 he asked that Mother Mary Xavier should be appointed superior of the little group of sisters who banded together to aid God's work in the diocese of Newark; but even his clear judgment could scarcely have known how deep in wisdom was that request. No one who was acquainted with Mother Mary Xavier doubted that she would do great things for God, but few if any, and surely not even Bishop McQuade, dared to hope that she would live so

long, or accomplish so much, or that there would be so marvelous a development of that extremely modest foundation. Bishop Bayley built far better than he knew. He himself left the diocese, but she stayed on. Other bishops came and went or died; but she not only laughed at death, but continued at the selfsame post. The result is a community of more than 1,200 Sisters, whose zeal, efficiency, and scholarly attainments due in a large degree to the wise direction of their foundress, may be seen in the fruits of their labors in the numerous institutions under their control. Mother Mary Xavier is dead, but her work is imperishable; it is built on the "Rock of Ages," and will live on, a glorious monument to a noble and valiant woman.

Entanglement

"ONLY this I have found," says Ecclesiastes, "that God made man right, and he hath entangled himself in an infinity of questions."

Three years ago, two young people, wiser in their own conceit than in the wisdom of ages, met. He was a college professor, grandson of the poet Longfellow; she a woman of refinement, culture; a "discerning temperament" as the world rates a vision that, often, is not discernment, but blindness. They loved; they married; with a ritual of their own devising, studiously shorn of all reference to the supernatural, with the legal witness of a justice of the peace. Thus was hallowed the dawn of their married life. God's great gift of motherhood was given her, but happiness came not with it. And so a seven-night since, she slipped down to the sea, and sought to still her earthly sorrows in its troubled flood.

Thus ended her unquiet life, "entangled with an infinity of questions," which all the tumbling waters of the sea could never loosen. It may be, poor brooding spirit, that she knew not what she did. As the roaring of the waters died away and the forlorn soul trembled on the brink of eternity, perhaps the light of a brighter world, in which she saw and acknowledged her dependence upon her Creator, fell upon the sea to form a pathway to her Father's home. It may be so, but as man judges, her death was doubtful, and she no peace-parted soul, but one rightly followed by maimed rites.

Silence were her kindest epitaph, but he who shared her life, has rushed to tell of it to the morbidly curious, to the casual listener in the street. "Being freed from supernaturalism, she did not share the conventional fear of death. I am glad that it was by an act of her own, and not by a horrid accident. Our life together has been a beautiful comradeship and has had a tremendously tragic but beautiful end."

Good they have made evil, and that which is sinful they have termed good. Life has its puzzles, but God knows the answers which we need not know. They who reject Him but entangle themselves in an infinity of questions, in which life is not worth living.

Censorship and the "Movies"

NEW YORK has fewer laws unduly restricting personal liberty than most of her sister States. She has never invoked the majesty of the law to introduce finger-bowls into country-taverns; her sovereign dignity is not offended when her fair daughters lavishly ply the powder-puff; guiltless of *lèse majesté*, the placid cow may nightly plod her homeward way along the highways of the Commonwealth, unbelled and unlanterned. The State of New York, in brief, does not regard her citizenry as composed of so many swaddled babes. In the ordinary private affairs of life, she wisely thinks that they can care for themselves. If they can not, no one can; a principle which legislators will wisely keep in mind.

Yet the principle can be carried too far. At a recent hearing, held before a Committee of the State Constitutional Convention, the proposal to establish a Board of Censorship for moving pictures, met with strong opposition. "The people of this State," it was argued, "are competent to decide whether or not the present voluntary censorship is sufficient." With all due respect for the unutterable wisdom of the "People," and judging, moreover, by some of the films which the People thought might be displayed in the City of New York during the past winter, it does not seem that this competency pertains to them. Mr. William A. Brady thinks that the present low estimate of the stage is due to the fact that the theatrical managers give the public not what the public should want, but what it actually does want. Mr. Brady is a witness who ought to know.

"Human natur'," as Mr. Squeers remarked, looking back upon a checkered career, "is a rum 'un." As it exists in certain individuals, it craves cocaine, an immeasurable supply of whiskey, white lights and gay ways, together with malodorous plays and bad "movies." Religion and education check or destroy the craving in most of us; but law is needed to keep temptation out of the way of our weaker brother.

A Call to the Faithful

SOME of our schools for Indian children are threatened once again. An act of injustice has been done, that deprives them of means to carry on their work. There is a fund known as the Tribal Fund, which though in reality the property of the Indians, is administered by our Government. For years, by the wish of the Indians themselves, and in accordance with a custom declared legal by no less an authority than the Supreme Court of the United States, part of this Tribal Fund went to the support of "Mission Schools." The money belongs to the Indians; they wish the schools in which their children are educated to obtain a share of it for their support; the Supreme Court says that the Indians are justified in their desire; but, lo! a Government official, one man, mark it! the Comptroller of the

Treasury, sets his wisdom against the desire of the owners of the money and the decision of the Supreme Court, and on a mere technicality, a straw in itself, but a steel girder to a man with a delicate, political conscience, decides suddenly and without previous warning that no part of certain Tribal Funds can be given to certain mission schools. Such is the fate of democracy; it crumbles before the decision of one man with a conscience, and four schools will crumble with it, unless help is forthcoming. For this last reason the venerable Cardinal of Baltimore has issued a letter which reads in part as follows:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Four Catholic Indian boarding schools of Oklahoma for the children of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Tribes will be deprived after July 1st of their contracts by reason of a recent decision of the Comptroller of the Treasury. The loss per year occasioned by this decision is more than \$25,000. These schools for years have been accorded contracts payable out of Choctaw-Chickasaw tribal funds. The change of policy came without warning and unexpectedly, as these funds will be disbursed the coming fiscal year under the identical law which is in force this year, during which time the schools in question have received their contracts and payments as usual. While we hope to obtain relief from the next Congress, a year must intervene during which the schools will be without support. These institutions are the fruit of years of sacrifice and devotedness and they are accomplishing a noble and necessary work: it would be a crime to discontinue them. We therefore call upon the faithful everywhere for special contributions for the upkeep of the Catholic Choctaw-Chickasaw schools during the coming fiscal year.

J. CARD. GIBBONS,

President, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

A "century of dishonor" marked our treatment of the "Red Man"; for the sake of justice and honor it is to be hoped that a similar century may not begin in this era. But if it does, Catholics should not be wanting in charity to their unfortunate brother, the Indian.

I Have Been Dead

"IT isn't fair, I say, Mother, and I don't know how long I can put up with it." There was bitterness in his tone, and discontent showed itself in the way he threw to one side his workman's hat and dragged a stool into place and swept the poor cottage with a glance that hardened more and more till it met the wistful gaze of his mother. "Well, Mother," he resumed lamely, "this growling, I know, makes you feel bad, but to-day I felt as I never felt before that I wasn't getting a chance. Here are most of the boys who played with me a few years ago, now making names for themselves. There's Daniel who has become a lawyer, and John is a priest, and Michael is a doctor. Then others are succeeding in trade and business. If I only had the chance, I could do something for you, Mother. . . . Now, don't stop me. I know what you are going to say. Of course, you are satisfied, but you are too easily satisfied. I want to give you the best there is, and I can't do it, stuck in that old shop. You will say that father once did well and

was happy and that you don't want anything more. But what if I got sick, what if I died?—Forgive me, Mother, I'm not myself to-night and haven't been right for some time. 'God will provide,' you tell me. Right, Mother, I'm getting worse than the heathens.

"Do you remember my bitterness last week? Don't look at me that way, Mother, I am not going away again in a hurry. I wouldn't have been brought back to you unless it was meant I should stay awhile. I say, do you remember the way I growled? That was the beginning of the fatal fever, I'm sure, but whether it was or not, I've got that salt off my tongue. It is just this way. Suppose a war came down upon us. We seem now to be a city where one section would not look at the other, and in the same section where one street would not speak to another, and on the same street where neighbors are always quarreling and in the same house where brothers and sisters are snapping at each other. Ah, but then comes the common enemy and differences disappear. The city becomes one loving family. The great evil of death throws its shadow over them all, and they flock together and cling to one another. What are all their petty trials before the agony of war? There are, you well know, giants and pygmies among the blades of grass and, if I were a cricket, I would know it, but now standing high above the field, I would laugh if I heard the grass-blades were fighting about their size. So it was with me, Mother. I was getting small and cranky. The dust of life tormented me as if I were all eyes, but now all the dust falls on calloused horny hands. The great, the terrible enemy met me. I forgot all my troubles. The world became my family; man became my brother, when I came to die. . . . Don't start, Mother, I am sure it won't happen for a long time again. You see me now, glad my comrades have succeeded in life. I do not note where I am different from them, but now I see where I can be a success in my own way or where I can at least try to be a success. There is pain about me and I can be a doctor to it; there are snarls and I can disentangle them a bit, though I don't know much law, and there is sin everywhere which I can, though no priest, help to stop.

"I was lost and am found again. I was dead and am come to life. Heaven has come nearer to us all. I have been sent back from it by One Who has come down from heaven. Now what a change! A new spirit has come into the world. The neighbor has been discovered, and he lives across the seas as well as here, and men are going to seek him and serve him. Luke, the doctor, is going and Matthew, the banker, and Andrew and Peter the fishermen and many others. They are forgetting their own little troubles, and giving themselves to man. My grumbling has gone forever. All other evil is nothing now; all other good is little when set beside heaven and His Kingdom. I am going back to the shop to-morrow. Why, Mother, He was a carpenter Himself.

"He went into a city called Naim, and when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother. The Lord saw her and said to her, weep not. And He said, 'Young man, I say to thee, arise,' and he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother."

LITERATURE

Poesy and Prohibition

IT were a curmudgeonly and niggardly spirit that would embrace within its own enfolding and clutch to itself all that flushes life with joy, leaving but the husks and sweepings to the less favored. So, in this sunny and springtime spirit of fair play and share and share alike let me but make my own the divine musings of poesy, and the world were well counted lost, and whatever of romance clings to the academic delights of statistics is freely yielded to the lovers of prohibition.

To the prohibitionists I leave the airy graces and delights of the degenerate Greeks and Romans, and choose rather to descendant upon the deeds of the mighty Vikings and Berserkers, those valiant founders of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races, who, with a quaint conceit which lacked the grace of amiability, and with a breadth of imagination worthy of a better cause, drank mighty draughts of mead and ale from the skulls of their enemies. The fashion has passed; though there is at the present day a farmhouse in Wales where one may drink water from what is known as the skull of St. Teilo. But it is significant that these warriors who, in their search for adventure put themselves at the mercy of the stormy northern seas in vessels of remarkably frail construction, who spent the better part of their lives going upon the great waters, never at any time saw in the same the possibilities of a beverage. In later times, too, when the softening influence of Christianity had settled upon their descendants, it was matter for marvel to the hagiographers that certain holy Celtic monks attained the limit of austerity by drinking water!

The degenerates of the classical times who wreathed their brows with the leaves of the vine, the while they chanted "high-brow" lyrics in praise of wine, may well be left to fight it out with the prohibitionists, and cull what flowers of consolation they may from the lays of Macaulay:

And in the vats of Luna
This year the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There is a wafting of the robust spirit of the Northmen in their kindlier moments, which seems to have sought some sort of affinity with the very human and democratic Muse of such stalwarts as Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who is a Catholic, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who is not; a choice which, though arbitrary, relieves the situation of religious prejudice. With a kind of gigantic confidence and a largeness of vision Mr. Chesterton heaves himself up over the edge of the earth and sings as he beams upon the world:

Feast on wine or fast on water,
And your honor shall stand sure;
God Almighty's son and daughter,
He the valiant, she the pure.
If an angel out of heaven
Brings you other things to drink,
Thank him for his kind intentions,
Go and pour them down the sink.

But such geniality takes on a different hue as the vision of Mr. Chesterton strays from feasting or fasting to the more mediocre habits of what he would call "efficiency":

The Saracen's Head looks down the lane,
Where we shall never drink wine again;
For the wicked old women who feel well-bred
Have turned to a tea-shop the Saracen's Head.

But the finest frenzy and most subtly veiled sarcasm of Mr. Chesterton has been reserved for the English political Non-conformist Conscience, upon which he falls, lashing it under the figure of its favorite tippie, cocoa:

Tea, although an Oriental,
Is a gentleman at least;
Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast;
Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
Lying, crawling cad and clown,
And may very well be grateful
To the fool that takes him down.

This same thoroughness of Mr. Chesterton is apparent in other of his playful lyrics. There is his vegetarian, for instance, who maintains that the drinking of "decent fermented liquor is just simply the triumph of vegetarianism":

You will find me drinking rum
Like a sailor in a slum,
You will find me drinking beer like a Bavarian;
You will find me drinking gin,
In the lowest kind of inn,
Because I am a rigid vegetarian.

No more the milk of cows
Shall pollute my private house,
Than the milk of the wild mares of the Barbarian;
I will stick to port and sherry,
For they are so very, very,
So very, very, very vegetarian.

It is quite in keeping with the large-hearted public spirit of the Vikings that Mr. Belloc should have chosen, of all the characters at his command, a sailor-man, addicted to a vigor of expression that surpasses the finest efforts of the landsman, to awaken the echoes of a quiet Sussex village with the rollicking ditty:

Now the Faith is old, and the Devil is bold,
Exceedingly bold indeed;
And the masses of doubt that are floating about
Would smother a mortal creed.
But we that sit in a sturdy youth,
And still can drink strong ale,
Oh, let us put it away to infallible truth
Which always shall prevail!

And thank the Lord
For the temporal sword,
And howling heretics too;
And whatever good things
Our Christendom brings,
But especially barley brew!

But the deep-sea orthodoxy of the sailor-man pales away to insignificance when in lusty tones he roars out a hefty song against all his unforgiving enemies:

Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!
A Catholic tale have I to tell!
And a Christian song have I to sing
While all the bells in Arundel ring.

I pray good beef and I pray good beer
This holy night of all the year,
But I pray detestable drink for them
That give no honor to Bethlehem.

May all good fellows that here agree
Drink Audit Ale in heaven with me,
And may all my enemies go to hell!
Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!

"'Tis rank blasphemy!" said a graybeard who listened to the ditty, while the standers-by felt into a quarrel about the quality

of the verse, which quality has been a matter of debate ever since. Nor may the quarrel be settled until it be decided, beyond all contradiction, which be the more outrageous heresy; the heresy touching the orthodoxy of the sailor-man, or the heresy touching the quality of his verse. Until which time it is agreed that the moral pointed by Mr. Chesterton holds the field:

As for all the windy waters,
They were rained like trumpets down,
When good drink had been dishonored
By the tipplers of the town.
When red wine had brought red ruin,
And the death-dance of our times,
Heaven sent us Soda Water
As a torment for our crimes.

HENRY C. WATTS.

REVIEWS

The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages. Innocent III, 1198-1216. By the Rev. HORACE K. MANN, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. Vols. XI and XII. \$6.00.

In the course of his valuable undertaking Dr. Mann has reached a very remarkable character of the Middle Ages, Pope Innocent III, and in these volumes gives a full account of the various activities of this famous Pontiff. Fortunately for the biographer, the sources for the work are more than usually abundant and reliable, so he is able to write a faithful history of this "guiding star of the destinies of Christendom."

Born of noble parents and gifted by nature with talents above the ordinary, Innocent received in his youth the best education his times could afford. He studied under the leading masters in Rome in his boyhood, went to Paris, then rising into prominence as the first seat of learning in Europe, where he studied philosophy and theology, and next mastered canon and civil law in Bologna. This knowledge was of great service to him in the solution of the countless difficulties he had to settle as Pope. To the end of his days he retained pleasing memories of the scenes of his studies and feelings of gratitude for those who had aided in his scholastic success. When it lay in his power he promoted them to ecclesiastical dignities; and, when a dispute arose between the nascent University of Paris and the local authorities, he forbade any curtailment of the professors' rights, leaving them the largest powers to prosecute their teaching vocation. His patronage of education was not confined to this important occasion. His virtue, learning and executive ability won for him the esteem of his fellow-cardinals, and in the conclave following the death of Celestine III he received their unanimous vote, and was elected Pope at the extraordinary age of thirty-seven. He was consecrated and installed with great pomp. His contemporary biographer tells us: "Against the rebellious and contumacious he was severe, but was gracious toward the lowly and the dutiful. . . . In matters of justice he was inflexible, though ever prone to mercy." His severity and inflexibility were needed to vindicate the rights of the Holy See over the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies and Sardinia, the donation of Matilda and the patrimony of St. Peter. From the time of St. Gregory and the robber Lombards to the time of Pius IX and the robber House of Savoy, from the days of Henry IV of Germany to Henry VIII of England, the property of the Church, given for God and the poor, appealed to the greed and ambition of rulers and States, to kings and republics. In the interest of law and of justice, he engaged, through the eighteen years of his reign, in a contest for or against the Emperor Otho, according as Otho had law on his side or sided against justice. Philip Augustus, the astute and unprincipled King of France, by the repudiation of his wife and by his

encroachments on the rights of the Church, engaged Innocent's attention to the day of his death.

The tyranny, rapacity, cruelty, one might almost say beastliness, of John of England brought down on the tyrant's head the sentence of excommunication and even deposition, and yet, because the law had not been observed in the matter of Magna Charta, Innocent refused to ratify the proceedings of Runnymede. In other kingdoms and nations he used his learning and his power to right wrongs, spread the Gospel, promote peace, organize hierarchies, diffuse learning. From Armagh to Armenia, from Lisbon to Livonia, from Morocco to Norway he made his influence felt. He organized a Crusade, he summoned a Council, he put down a dangerous heresy, and established or encouraged the foundation of three religious Orders, the Trinitarians, Franciscans and Dominicans. He died in 1218, at an early age, yet he might well say: *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*

P. J. D.

The American Books: American Literature. By LEON KELLNER. Translated from the German by JULIAN FRANKLIN; **The Indian To-Day.** By CHARLES A. EASTMAN; **The American Navy.** By REAR ADMIRAL FRENCH E. CHADWICK; **The American College.** By ISAAC SHARPLESS; **Municipal Freedom: A Study of the Commission Government.** By OSWALD RYAN. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$0.60 each.

"This series," say the publishers, "is designed to present a popular authoritative discussion of typical American problems and movements" which they claim should prove of interest, not only to all American citizens interested in solving these problems, "but to every foreigner visiting this country who seeks an interpretation of the American point of view." It is curious, therefore, that it was necessary to go so far afield as Bukowina, and select a Polish Jew professor in the University of Czernowitz to give this German "interpretation of the American point of view" of our literature. Professor Kellner begins by perching himself on Plymouth Rock and, in a comparison of the history of the United States with its literature, ascribes the accomplishments of the 250 years following 1620 to the descendants of "the little band of seekers of freedom" who came across in the Mayflower. "Do not all heroic acts of ancient and medieval history," he exclaims, "shrink into insignificance by the side of this miracle?" The literary interpretation that follows is not quite so nonsensical. A chapter on the character of American literature precedes brief views of the work of ninety-two writers, but among them the only Catholic is "Uncle Remus" Harris.

Native talent has unquestionably been found in Dr. Eastman, who describes the present status and future outlook of the North American Indian, for he is a Sioux himself, and he does not mince his terms in telling of the century of dishonor our Government has to its discredit in its treatment of the vanishing race. He burnishes up the most resplendent style of halo for his Indian. It is due, however, no doubt, to Dr. Eastman's Presbyterian affiliations that he starts out as early as page 12 of his narrative with such a slander as:

I have no wish to discredit the statements of the early explorers, including the Jesuit priests; but it is evident that in the zeal of the latter to gain honor for their Society for saving the souls of the natives it was almost necessary to represent them as godless and murderous savages—otherwise there would be no one to convert!

He pays several generous tributes to the Catholic missions and their schools on the present reservations, but, although he finds space to eulogize Bishop Hare, Bishop Whipple and a number of other missionaries of the various

sects, he never mentions Father De Smet, Father Weber, Father Ketcham, Father Westropp, Father Westmann, Mother Katherine Drexel or a single other Catholic of the hundreds of valiant toilers in the work for the salvation of the Indian.

Admiral Chadwick traces the development of our navy from its inception in colonial days. He believes naval power is paramount power and is convinced that we need a great navy "to command safety and peace," and if the United States is to remain a world power. As to whether John Barry or John Paul Jones should be given the title of "Father of the Navy" he would deny the distinction to either and bestow it on Commodore Edward Preble. Impartial critics will probably urge that Admiral Chadwick is most unfortunate in making so marked, what he himself calls, the "race sentiment" in his advocacy of Preble's qualifications.

What Dr. Sharpless, who is President of Haverford College, tells of "The American College" is intended, he says, to give "a fair idea, hiding neither blemishes nor virtues of that peculiarly national institution" which, he asserts, occupies a "niche between the high school and the university" and "has no exact counterpart in the educational systems of other countries." His story is, of course, all about the Protestant and "non-sectarian" sort of college. He mentions the Catholic college but once: in the statement that there are 56 of them among the 596 institutions recognized by the Bureau of Education. His 200 pages supply no reason why any Catholic should patronize the system of which he is an exponent.

The commission manager idea, as a panacea for the evils, political and economic, of partisan municipal government, has been vigorously advocated of late. In "Municipal Freedom" Oswald Ryan offers, in handy form, the aims and details of the commission plan, information often sought for and not otherwise so compactly presented. Where they have been tried commission governments have not always measured up to the ideals their promoters set for them, proof that human nature is about the same under both systems, and that genuine political reform has to begin with the Ten Commandments as its basic principle, and the awakening of the consciences of the individual voters as its progressive ideal.

T. F. M.

A Far Country. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

As long as Mr. Churchill confined himself to filling in the outlines of fact and let the moral take care of itself, as in the "Crossing," "Crisis," "Richard Carvel," and even "Coniston," he supplied the fictional color very well, but when he fares forth with a dubious moral to start with and dresses it up in distorted facts, article and garments make a motley misfit. Having shelled religion interminably from "The Inside of the Cup," always at long range and seldom making a hit, he now turns ill-aimed but noisy guns on education, politics, eugenics, sociology and finance with equal persistence and ineffectiveness. He is indeed a prodigal in a far country, and though he travels 509 pages, supplemented by countless asterisks * * * that utter the unutterable, he fails to get home. He runs into a tract rather than a story.

And yet the vital problems he encounters, with the many actual and striking conditions and incidents from which they spring, would make matter for a strong and useful story had the author the key to their solution. The miseducation, at home and in Harvard, of Hugh Paret, a New Englander of "Scotch-Irish" and other superman genealogy, his gradual suppression of conscience as a corporation lawyer and buyer of bosses and legislatures, his parallel deterioration in moral

and family relations, and his final recovery under adversity of the better ideals of his youth, could be set into a narrative of dramatic dénouement. But Mr. Churchill lacks the directive principles requisite for the setting and the climax. Identifying Christianity with the vague, illogical and unsatisfying religion he was reared in, he makes his Paret adopt such catch-phrases as that God is but "a stream of tendency," and when the tendency takes him to the rocks, he gets himself out by the study of ontogeny, phylogeny, and, above all, natural theology, which was recently invented in a Scotch University and, unlike other theology, is not decadent but scientific. He is also greatly helped by lighting on "All living things come from the egg"—Harvey's dictum; hence he will teach his children embryonic and biological evolution and also "how to control the future of the race," and so save it. This will settle all our sociological, economic and governmental troubles, but "we have first to cast off the leading-strings of authority," and, like the Prodigal, "risk our lives and our souls." We must chew the husks of swine before dining on fatted calf, thus upsetting the moral of Christ's parable and all Christianity along with it. Such is the non-descript but not very far country of Mr. Churchill. It is the land of religionless uplifters who can not or will not lift their feet out of marsh nor their heads out of fog.

M. K.

Tractatus de Christi Ecclesia. Auctore JOANNE MUNCUNILL, S.J. Barcinone: Typis Librariæ Religiosæ.

Father Muncunill's theological writings have already recommended him to students who wish to follow the traditional lines of development. His latest work, a treatise on the Church, is a large volume of 655 pages, and is by no means inferior to what has already come from his pen. He treats first of the nature and properties of the Church, then of the Church's head and his prerogatives, afterwards of the Church's hierarchy and members, and lastly of her relation to the State. There are also two appendices, one of which is concerned with the syllabus of Pius IX, and the other with the exposition and refutation of Modernism. In method Father Muncunill is not popular, but scholastic and severe. The syllogism is his constant medium of argumentation, and his attitude is dogmatic throughout. Assuming from the very outset, as demonstrated in other treatises, the divinity of the Church and the divine authority of Sacred Scripture and Tradition, he avoids the historical and philosophical treatments, and devotes himself to the investigation, elaboration and demonstration of revealed doctrine concerning the Church. Citations from the Councils, from the Bible, and from the Fathers are his staple of proof, although occasionally an argument from reason manages to slip in. The book is intended primarily for the class room, and presupposes a course in fundamental theology, but it will be invaluable for reference and for the solution of objections. It can not be praised too much for that quality which is the common possession of the Spanish mind, for it is clear, not only in language and thought, but in arrangement. One finds things where they ought to be and there is never any doubt as to Father Muncunill's meaning. The "Tractatus de Christi Ecclesia" is the work of a Jesuit who has grown gray in the chair of theology.

J. H. F.

Types of Teaching. By LIDA B. EARHART, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Methods of Teaching in High Schools. By S. C. PARKER. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.50.

The first of these books was written to help teachers to determine a method of procedure in the class-room. There are a number of practical hints offered to the teacher of

the elementary grades. "Experience both with teachers in training and with teachers in the class room confirms the idea that many are limited in their understanding of subject matter and in their use of method." So in the working out of class problems the writer speaks from experience. For that reason when she is not speaking of the theory of education her ideas are well worth consideration. But when she takes up the matter of education from the psychologist's viewpoint there are many principles enunciated that are open to challenge. For example James' three laws of habit-formation are put down as positively as if there were no disputing them, and we cannot close this chapter without feeling that in the mind of Lida Earhart the child can be well trained if the teacher is familiar with modern physiological theories. The lesson plans at the end of the book are all good and worth reading.

The purpose of the second book is to introduce students to a consideration of the principles which underlie instruction in high school subjects. It is intended for the use of those who are preparing to take up the teaching of secondary school work, and the chapters on lesson-planning, the use of books, on economy in class room management, show that the author is making use of material employed in his own classes. Mr. Parker takes the view that all instruction should be adapted to contemporary social needs, and based on sound psychological principles. He is consistent enough in following out his theory but it is an open question whether or not all educators will agree with that theory. There are many good suggestions of practical import in the book.

G. C. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The July *Bookman* announces that May's most popular novels were these: "The Turmoil," "Pollyanna Grows Up," "Angela's Business," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Harbour" and "Still Jim." The books have already been noticed in *AMERICA* and, with some reservations, commended. The taste of the readers of "best sellers" seems to be improving.

The July *Catholic World* opens with an interesting account of the labors of the Franciscans and Jesuits in California, by Z. J. Maher, S.J.; E. T. Shanahan, S.T.D., treats of "Evolution and Progress," and "The White Eagle" is continued by L. P. Decondum. There is an appreciation of Lucie Faure Goyau by Virginia Crawford, and a good paper on "Assisi" by C. H. A. Wager. "The Silver Cord" is a clever story by Grace Keon. Walter Elliot, C.S.P., writes on "Vocation" in his clear and forceful style. "A Notable French Convert," by J. L. O'Brien, A.M.; "The Irish Volunteers," by R. F. O'Connor, and "Sunbrowned with Toil," by E. F. Garesché, S.J., make up the rest of this number, marked by the usual variety of subjects readers find in the *Catholic World*.

The July number of the *Catholic Historical Review* (Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.) contains items of interest dealing with the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. Bishop Shahan writes on the late Bishop Maes, and Bishop Charles Warren Currier has a paper on "Outlines of Cuban Ecclesiastical History." The Rev. Dr. Henry has an excellent biography of Dr. Cummings, of New York, well known in his day as a hymnologist, and the Rev. Henry Schuyler contributes an exhaustive study on Father Sebastian Râle, S.J., the Apostle of the Abnakis. The department of Documents is much enhanced by two original manuscripts from the Purcell collection,

one on the foundation of the American College, Rome, and the other on the laws governing chaplains during the Civil War. In the department of Notes and Comment the editors have given us a valuable addition to our knowledge of smaller publications, such as the history of parishes and dioceses which might otherwise pass unnoticed. The Bibliography continues its introductory note with an explanation of the value of historical methodology in the study of American history.

Father Francis Cassilly, S.J., the author of that useful booklet on vocation, "What Shall I Be?" of which thousands of copies have been sold, now wishes young people to ask themselves the question, "Shall I Be a Daily Communicant?" (The Loyola University Press, 1076 West Twelfth Street, Chicago; cloth, \$0.30; paper, \$0.10). In twenty-two brief chapters the author explains the decree of Pope Pius X on Daily Communion, meets the common objections against the practice, presents its advantages alluringly, and ends with appeals to his readers to become Eucharistic apostles. "Shall I Be a Daily Communicant?" is admirably suited for circulation among school children and ought to find a prominent place in the vestibule book-rack during a mission and after. Father Cassilly's attractive little book should bring fresh throngs of boys and girls to the Holy Table every morning.

"Edgar Chirrup," by Peggy Webling (Putnam, \$1.35), is the story of the ups and downs of an actor's career. The reader is carried from London to the States, to Australia, and back again to London, and his interest in the hero never flags. The stage is painted very accurately, with all the glamor of the view before the footlights melting into the cold reality of the business and bustle of the greenroom and the manager's office. Men and women live and breathe in the story's pages as few characters in modern novels do. The writer's descriptive touches are also excellent, the death scene in the last part of the book being particularly dramatic in its strength and pathos. "Edgar Chirrup" has about it the flavor of Dickens.

George V. O'Neill, S.J., has selected from Jacobus de Voragine's "Legenda Aurea," which William Caxton translated and printed for English readers, some two dozen lives of saints, has provided them with scholarly notes and furnished the book with a good biographical introduction. "The Golden Legend" (Putnam, \$0.90) thus abridged becomes readily accessible to those Catholics who would like to know something about one of the most popular works of the thirteenth century, and who would enjoy reading Caxton's quaint English. "For in like wise as gold is most noble above all other metals, in like wise is this Legend holden most noble above all other works."

An anonymous author, who mentions in her dedication, a number of American Catholics, has written in "Aunt Sarah and the War: a Tale of Transformations" (Putnam, \$0.75) the best story with the present conflict for its theme that has come to the reviewer's desk. The book reflects admirably the new spirit that has seized the hearts of Englishmen and Englishwomen, and yet is written without bitterness. The story is unfolded by means of a series of very clever letters that passed between Captain Owen Tudor, at the front, and his Aunt Sarah, and between Miss Pauline Vandeleur and Aunt Sarah. A Catholic atmosphere pervades the book, the witty heroine and brave hero will make numerous friends, and the change in Aunt Sarah's attitude toward the war is indicated with great literary skill.—M. E. F. Irwin's

novel "Come Out to Play" (Doran, \$1.25) is the biography of "Truffles," who grows up to manhood without a serious purpose in life, merely plays at everything he undertakes, and comes at last to an evil end. The book is spun out too long. It would make a better short-story.—"Bartimeus," the author of "Naval Occasions and Some Traits of the Sailor-man" (Houghton, \$1.25), has brought together twenty-five sketches and stories of the British tar who flourished before the dreadnought came. The spirit of the service among officers and men, the training of a midy and Jack's life afloat and ashore are well described. The author traces the curious practice of saluting the quarter-deck to a "custom that has survived from days when a crucifix overshadowing the poop required the doffing of a sailor's cap."

"Bred of the Desert" (Harper's, \$1.30), by Marcus Horton, is a "Black Beauty" for grown-ups, in which not only the horse, but the maiden as well, is "bred of the desert" of Arizona, while a man from the East completes the interesting trio, about which a plot, simple in outline, is cleverly centered. The book, for its interest, will win readers, but the human language used of horses' doings will beget smiles of skepticism. A better way of arousing whatever pity brute beasts should have shown them is the author's dramatic account of two wild horses' struggle for life.—During Russia's war with Japan Leonidas Andreief wrote "The Red Laugh, Fragments of a Discovered Manuscript" (Duffield, \$1.00), the supposed ravings of an officer whom the horrors of the conflict drove mad. Alexander Linden's translation of the morbid book has now been republished, as the present war is doubtless thought to make such a work "timely." But American readers should have been spared this frantic Russian's "thrills."—In her preface to "Pieces of the Game" (Putnam, \$1.35) the Countess de Chambrun apologizes for the "frivolity of publishing fiction in a moment of such tragic realism" as the present. But her story about the scandals of Washington diplomatic life would be just as unsavory in times of peace.

Mothers who have difficulty in getting their little ones to go to sleep will be glad to know of Ruth O. Dyer's "Sleepy-Time Story Book" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co., Boston, \$1.00). Instead of tales about pirates, wolves, ogres and wizards, which are calculated to banish rather than induce drowsiness, the author has provided some two dozen nature stories on such somniferous themes as "How the Rose-Bush Went to Sleep," "The Coming of the Sandman" and "When Mother Shakes the Dreamland Tree." According to directions "the stories should be told in a slow, soft voice, letting the tone linger on the words" which are "lulling and soothing." The book is prettily illustrated by Bertha D. Hoxie and appropriately "dedicated to Mildred, who always takes her nap."—The same publishing house has brought out, for older children, Robert Jonckheere's "When I Was a Boy in Belgium" (\$0.75). He tells about the games he used to play, how he went to school, how he made his First Communion, and how, when a young man, he forsook the Church and became a Protestant. The author's naive account of the way the Antwerp Y. M. C. A. got hold of him is quite instructive. His foolish mother "did not see any harm in my going there, as long as I was with men and boys speaking about Jesus." Query: Would Robert have been asked to write his reminiscences for American children, had he kept the Faith?

The Rt. Rev. Alex. MacDonald's "Stray Leaves or Traces of Travel" (Christian Press Association) and the Rev. J. J. Burke's "The Church in Many Lands," (John Murphy, \$1.00) are

books made up largely from diary jottings. The Bishop of Victoria led a Canadian pilgrimage to Rome, Lourdes and Paray le Monial in 1900 and has now published his reflections on what he saw during the journey. "Jottings of a Trip to Scotland" and the notes he took during other visits to Europe complete the volume. Not long before the war broke out Father Burke sailed east from this country and, guide-book in hand, observed as he traveled, the conditions of Catholic missions in Hawaii and the Orient. He saw in Palestine, Italy and France many sights that stimulated his piety.

"Sermon Matter" (Herder, \$1.50), by the Rev. F. Girardey, C.S.S.R., places at the disposal of those who are engaged in the ministry of the Word some good thoughts on the chief virtues and duties of the Christian life, the love of God and our neighbor, and on the sins opposed to those virtues and duties. The Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist are especially well treated and there is a clear explanation of the Church's teaching on the seven capital sins. The volume is made up of five distinct series, each series containing a careful treatment of some special subject. Priests will find it worth while having this volume at hand.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Allyn & Bacon, New York:**
Elementary Algebra. By H. E. Slaught and N. J. Lennes. \$1.00.
- Richard G. Badger, Boston:**
The Life of King John Sobieski. By John Sobieski. \$1.50.
- Benziger Bros., New York:**
The Service of the Sacred Heart. By Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. \$0.35;
Friends and Apostles of The Sacred Heart. By P. J. Chaudiery, S.J. \$0.75; Sister Gertrude Mary: A Mystic of Our Own Days. With a Preface by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. \$0.90.
- Librairie Beauchesne, Paris:**
Patriotisme Impérialisme Militarisme. Par Lucien Roure. fr. 0.50;
Journal d'un curé de campagne pendant la guerre. Par Jean Quercy. fr. 3.00; Jeanne la Libératrice 1429-1915. Par Mgr. Baudrillart. fr. 0.75.
- Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:**
Pushing to the Front. By Orison Swett Marden. \$1.00; The Meaning of Christian Unity. By William H. Cobb. \$1.25.
- George H. Doran Co., New York:**
Come Out To Play. By M. E. F. Irwin. \$1.25.
- E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:**
Canterbury Chimes. By Frances Storr and Hawes Turner. \$0.75;
Elsbeth. By Margarethe Mueller. \$1.25; Genevieve. By Laura Spencer Porter. \$1.25; The Making of Western Europe. By C. R. L. Fletcher. \$2.50; A Walk in Other Worlds With Dante. By M. S. Bainbridge. \$2.00; Reticence in Literature. By Arthur Waugh. \$1.25.
- Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco:**
The Art of the Exposition. By Eugen Neuhaus. \$1.50.
- Laurence J. Gomme, New York:**
The Vale of Shadows and Other Verses of the Great War. By Clinton Scollard. \$0.60; The Light Feet of Goats. By Shamus O'Shiel. \$1.00.
- W. F. Hall Co., Chicago:**
Memoirs of Father Mazzuchelli, O.P., with an Introduction by Archbishop Ireland. \$1.50.
- Harper & Bros., New York:**
Early English Hero Tales. By Jeanette Marks. \$0.50.
- Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:**
Naval Occasions. By "Bartimeus." \$1.25.
- John Lane Co., New York:**
Russian Realities. By John Hubback. \$1.50.
- J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:**
The Romances of Amosis Ra. By Frederick Thurstan.
- The Macmillan Co., New York:**
The Call of the Open: An Anthology. Compiled by Leonard Stowell. \$0.80.
- The Mission Press, Techny, Ill.:**
The Lord's Prayer. By Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D. \$0.40; Life of Father Richard Henle, S.V.D. By George M. Stenz, S.V.D. \$0.40; Fireside Melodies. Vol. II. \$0.15.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:**
The Seal and Flag of the City of New York 1665-1915. Edited by John B. Pine, L.H.D. \$1.00; Aunt Sarah and the War. \$0.75.
- Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:**
The Church. By John Huss. Translated by David S. Schaff, D.D. \$2.50.
- Gregorian University, Rome:**
De Ethica Naturali. Auctore C. Macksey, S.J.
- Volksvereins-Verlag, M. Gladbach:**
Der Gymnasiast. Von P. Ingbert Raab, O.M.Cap. M1.60.
- Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:**
Undercurrents in American Politics. By Arthur Twining Hadley. \$1.35; Critical Essays of the Eighteenth Century 1700-1725. By Willard Higley Poems. By Brian Hooker. \$1.00.

EDUCATION

Introducing Mr. Henry Herring

IN the year of grace, 1763, when the Chancelleries of France and England were playing the great game of world politics with an empire as the stake, the worthies of the village of Chester, in New Hampshire, were deep in the consideration of matters no less weighty. They were brooding over the selection of a schoolmaster, a thing not lightly done. Their reflections were brought to what was deemed a satisfactory close by the appearance of Mr. Henry Herring. Him they pitched upon to instruct their youth in reading, writing and cyphering, "according to his ability and their capacity," a phrase often met in the pedagogical contracts of those days. His tenure of office, however, was but brief, for it is set down in the town records for 1765, that "Henry Herring, the former schoolmaster, has become a pauper and warned out of town."

"WARNED OUT OF TOWN"

With this the unfortunate Henry slips from the pages of history. Why he was "warned out of town" is not clear. Perhaps he had become like to another New Hampshire teacher, one Burke by name, abiding in Francestown, who, as we learn from the delightfully indiscreet *chronique scandaleuse* of the village, was "overfond of rum and cider." Poverty was surely no just cause for driving Henry into the wilderness; rather, it was a condition common to most schoolmen of the period. In 1732, to cite another instance, the selectmen of Ipswich, in Connecticut, appointed Henry Spiller to set up a school, rather significantly allowing him the use "of the room in the southeasterly corner of the almshouse." This choice almost argues the gift of prophecy in the town fathers, and it was assuredly convenient, for within a year Master Spiller was "on the town."

It is pleasant to read, however, that he bravely resumed the fardels in the following year, when he "was allowed and approbated" to set up another school, "being," unlike Mr. Burke, "a person of sober and good conversation." But it is further recorded that "the selectmen do not promise him any encouragement for his services herein, other than that the parents or masters of the children he shall instruct are willing to give him themselves." One of the earliest American examples of damning a schoolmaster with faint praise, this *caveat emptor* attitude of the selectmen would hardly have recommended Henry for a Carnegie Retiring Pension. To Mr. Spiller himself, with the straw of the almshouse still in his hair, it must have seemed but another of the buffets of outrageous fortune. His subsequent history remains a prize for dusty delvers into the records of the town of Ipswich; but it is to be hoped that a man so courageous did not end his days as a public charge.

THE NEW ENGLAND SCHOOLMASTER

In his "Early New England Schools" (Ginn & Co.) Mr. Walter Herbert Small has gleaned from the public records of the old New England towns many quaint and interesting details concerning the colonial teacher and his work. His position was somewhat curious. Technically it was one of honor. He had a special place in the meeting house, if indeed he did not lead the choir, and for a time, in some localities, he was exempt from all forms of taxation. But even allowing for the difference in money values between those days and our own, it does not seem an exaggeration to say that, in the smaller communities at least, he was a miserably-paid wretch, forced to eke out an existence by additional avocations hardly in keeping with modern ideas of the teacher's work or dignity.

HIS HONORARIUM

In 1661, the town of Dedham, in Massachusetts, struck a contract with Michael Metcalf "to keep school, so long time as God shall enable him," and this significant phrase is also found in an agreement made in the preceding year by the same community with Thomas Marrit. For five months' work Master Marrit was to "have the full sum of ten pounds," and, if he got it, we hope he did not expend it foolishly; but the wiser Master Metcalf bargained for a weekly stipend of seven shillings, eight pence, cannily preferring a bird, however small, in the hand. Forty years later Sudbury, which has since grown into a better frame of mind, chose two masters at thirty shillings a year. Generous Dorchester, in 1678, authorized the selectmen "to look out for a schoolmaster" and "to agree with him, not exceeding forty pounds a year." But this municipal extravagance is exceptional. Many a village instructed the authorities "to engage a master as cheaply as they could," and although numerous strange fish rose to this bait, these terms are still common in the United States.

In return for his honorarium, the schoolmaster of 1660 was expected, according to Boone's "Education in the United States," (1) To act as court messenger. (2) To serve summons. (3) To conduct certain ceremonial services of the Church. (4) To lead the Sunday choir. (5) To ring the bell for public worship. (6) To dig graves. (7) To take charge of the school. (8) To perform other occasional duties, among which were preaching, and acting as town-clerk. Service No. 7 does not refer to teaching. It means that the teacher was, on occasion, the janitor of his temple of learning. The list reads like a combination of the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy, and makes it fairly plain that Satan found little for the hands of the New England schoolmaster to do.

PAID IN KIND

It should be remembered, furthermore, that the pedagogue rarely saw anything that looked like real money. Michael Metcalf, of Dedham, was paid in wheat and rye; John Legat, of Hampton, New Hampshire, in butter and cattle; Ichabod Wiswall, of Dorchester, made such shift as he might on pease and barley; though all secured, from time to time, some pittance in coin. Money was scarce; indeed, Mr. Small points out that, as late as 1781, a common medium of exchange in Maine was lumber. In 1687, the good folk of Hingham were paying their taxes, and their teacher, too, it would seem, in wooden pails, a most inelastic currency; the yeomen of Woburn, in shoes; in Taunton, the standard was pig iron, while in some localities a property owner might discharge his assessment by driving a cow into the treasury, if the town had one. The Harvard College account book, from 1650 to 1658, indicates that at quarter-times this noble institution must have borne a close resemblance to a modern department store or commission house. Governor Dudley paid his son's bills in Indian corn; his loyal subjects imitated him by bringing collectively, "a sheep weighing sixty-seven pounds, two bushels of wheat, thirty-five pounds of sugar, eight bushels of malt, a bushel of parsnips, thirty pounds of butter, three bushels and three pecks of apples, four quarters of a wether and three quarters of a sheep, a fat cow, eighteen yards of satin, five yards of kersey, three yards of yellow cotton, and two thousand nails."

SOME EARLY TYPES

Scarce as teachers were in those early days, here and there a town record shows that academic freedom was sometimes outraged by the turning adrift of an unsatisfactory incum-

bent. On a memorable occasion it was voted, in the Up-Neck district near Hartford, first, "that the schoolmaster read a paragraph before this meeting," and next, "that the schoolmaster be dismissed from keeping school in this district." But many a pharisee must have sat in the chair of Moses and, indeed, it is difficult to see how this could have been avoided. In classic Boston, in 1635, it was not thought strange that the schoolmaster should be requested "to take the cows to keeping that are on the Neck," and, in 1738, the Milton schoolmaster was likewise a cordwainer and a cobbler. Providence's first pedagogue kept a public house, and Dedham had a master "who taught for three dollars a month, prosecuted his studies, and improved his hours of relaxation by making bird-cages."

Malden, in 1697, was moved to install John Moulton, who had spent all his life at sea, and was sixty-six years of age. A few years later this ancient mariner was succeeded by a weaver, who soon gave way to a shoemaker. One wonders that, with this wealth of material, the selectmen did not hit upon the plan of founding vocational schools. "Had a kind Providence given him health," it is written of this last worthy, a "shoemaker he might have remained to the end. But he appears to have possessed a feeble constitution and to have been troubled with many ills; and the selectmen, vexed and perplexed by their annual duty of providing a schoolmaster, and thinking, perhaps, that a sick shoemaker might make a passable teacher, prevailed upon him to leave the lapstone and enter upon a course of study with Mr. Emerson (the minister). Graduating after a few months . . . he took up the rod, which he wielded with a zeal which, tradition says, was not always tempered with discretion."

The physical exercise connected with his preceptorial duties seems to have reacted most favorably upon his health. When he died, after a quarter of a century most profitably spent in his second vocation, few there were in the community of Malden upon whom he had not left a lasting impression of his vigorous personality.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The Catholic Boys' Protective League

UNDER the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Farley, and the directing control of Reverend Thomas J. Lynch, Supervisor of the Catholic Protective Society, there has lately sprung into existence in New York City an organization that is destined to be a power for good in the metropolis. It is known as The Catholic Boys' Protective League.

The object of the League is to look after the moral welfare of the Catholic boy. New York is an overcrowded city, and our young boys in very many localities are driven by the congestion and often by the poverty of their homes to spend most of their days and too much of their nights on the streets. Far too many of them are growing up with but little more training than that which they get from their street companions, and as a consequence a certain number of them are becoming delinquents.

PURPOSE OF THE LEAGUE

The percentage in our courts and prisons, though remarkably small considering our great population, is relatively far too large. It has been demonstrated by the effective work of Father Lynch in the Children's Court that care and watchfulness on the part of generous and zealous Catholics can do much toward keeping the young from the machinery of the courts.

And just here the Catholic Boys' Protective League,

with its thousands of contributors and workers, although only two branches covering the central district of Manhattan, have as yet been organized, is stepping in to aid Father Lynch to carry his work farther afield into other departments. The League will meet the boy on the street, follow him to his home, study conditions there, and by help, spiritual, medical, legal or pecuniary, bring about better conditions, if needed, in the environments of his home. In this it will work in conjunction with the St. Vincent de Paul and other societies, for in union, in Catholic union especially, there is strength. Play-grounds, recreation centers, boys' clubs and summer camps all come within the scope of the League. Each member of the League, and it is the intention to get every Catholic interested, is asked to contribute only one dollar a year.

METHODS OF THE LEAGUE

The officers and committees are elected and appointed in the different branches; all are to be in touch with a supreme general council, the Superintendent of which is Mr. Martin J. Moore, who as head for years of the Catholic Protectory, and lately for six years the efficient Overseer of the New York City Reformatory, comes into his position well equipped with a life-long zealous experience in dealing with the wayward and would-be wayward boy.

Following the boy from his home or the street to the court, the League is to have its representatives in all the courts to watch over the interests of the accused, and to stand ready to take him under parole. If the boy goes to prison, the League is to keep its eyes on him there; and at this point let me speak, as one who has been a prison chaplain for three years, of the need there is of Catholics being watchful of the work done and of the systems being introduced into our prisons in general.

THE "HONOR SYSTEM"

There is a great deal of talk and much "press-agenting" of so-called "kindness to prisoners" and of the "honor system." The fault with this talk is that it seems intended to convey the idea that our prisons in the past have been strongholds of torture and brutality. This is an untrue and an unworthy insinuation. This honor system, as it is called, seems to be, as it is working out in practice, merely the removal of all restraint and the admission of license heralded as liberty. *It is a system that apparently disregards the soul, God and sin.* Give the prisoner his fling, make him happy some way or other, take no notice of indulgence of his passions, give his evil tongue full rein and he will cause his overseer or his warden no trouble. The trouble or insults he may give the overseer's subordinates matter not; nor do the cruelty and oppression he exercises upon his fellows count a straw. The advocates of this system do not seem to realize that there can be beneficial discipline without official brutality.

KINDNESS OR LICENSE

The press-agency of this system is hoodwinking the inexperienced and the unthinking by the deceptive use of the shibboleth of "kindness," tending to make incautious people think that one who is not an advocate of this system must necessarily be an advocate of brutality. Our Catholic schools and colleges maintain a wholesomely strict discipline and watchfulness over morals, yet they are not driven to brutality. It is clear, of course, from a Catholic point of view, that there can not possibly be any reform for our boys if their souls are kept steeped in an unchecked flood of sin and obscenity. Hence, I say, it behooves us to watch the system being introduced for the care of our boys. In many

cases, it leads directly to juvenile immorality of a most serious nature. Above all let us be slow to be trapped by the misuse of that word "kindness"; let us make sure first, before we endorse it, that it does not mean lawless license.

This "honor system" as at present working out, with its openly-admitted ribald license and its silently contemptuous indifference to religious influence which indeed is often banished, seems calculated to send back to our cities only moral degenerates and possible "rippers." Far better would it be for our courts to send the incipient criminals back to their former environment, evil as it was.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

The final work of the League is to receive the boy on his dismissal from prison, get him a home, if needed, find him employment, see that he attends to his duties as a Catholic, and win him away from evil companions. As can readily be seen, such a League has extensive, difficult but noble work before it; yet, judging from the business-like methods and the enthusiasm of the two branches already formed, it is destined to be a success and a power for civic and Catholic good. Through this League the Catholics of the city of New York bid fair to set a model that can be advantageously emulated by the Catholic bodies in our other large cities.

June 23.

JOHN A. COTTER, S.J.

Catholic Chaplain on Hart's Island.

NOTE AND COMMENT

President Hadley of Yale, in his address to the graduates of that university last week, said that unnecessarily large money allowances and automobiles offered problems in college administration that did not exist in the past. Despite this, he holds the view that to-day "there is more serious study inside of the college and outside of it." Yale may be an exception, but it is likely that most colleges find that the touring car and the bulging purse do not make for higher intellectual life. It would be interesting to go over the honor rolls of our colleges, and see whether the names inscribed there tally with the student list of auto drivers.

It looks as though the American women were more successful than their English cousins who seek to convert mere man by smashing windows and hurling stones for the cause. The American "antis" must view the year's legislative triumph with concern. Still their feelings may be soothed by the offer of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* of "ten thousand dollars cash to any anti-suffragist who can supply proofs that the business of voting would occupy more of her time or do more damage to her feminine modesty than her present enterprise of ranting against the suffragettes on the stump and in the newspapers."

Quoting some commonplaces of Catholic philosophy from an article, "The Fatal Fondness For Food," which appeared in *AMERICA* for June 19, an editorial writer in the *Detroit News* asks: "Is this from the *Masses* magazine? Is it the embittered utterance of a revolutionist? Has some youthful convert to the doctrines of Emma Goldman or Eugene Debs been pouring himself out in print?" Perhaps that editor is writing with delicate sarcasm, but he seems to note with some surprise the appearance in a Catholic review of an article which defends the right of the laborer to an equitable wage. Cardinal Newman once wrote that if the Catholic Church were on the other side of the moon, he verily believed that most Englishmen would know more about her. But the moon is a readily accessible luminary. For the majority of non-Catholic Americans, Catholic philosophy is on

the other side of one of those heavenly bodies whose light shining through space for centuries, has not yet reached the earth.

Fifty Chicago pulpits were vacated, a few Sundays ago, because the *Associated Advertising Clubs* had come to town, and the "ad" men wished to preach on truth. "We believe in truth the cornerstone of all business!" was their motto. No one can find fault with such excellent sentiments. They should be written large over every desk "down town," and what is more, they should be deep in every business man's heart. Still it must have struck the readers of the daily press that the Chicago churches turned things round about in having the business man teach truth to the Church. It is *the Church* that is empowered to teach truth to the business man and to every other man.

Adams and Jefferson were no doubt great statesmen, but both were singularly deficient in knowledge on some topics. On May 6, 1816, the former wrote to the latter anent the restoration of the Jesuits and expressed the fear that "swarms of them" (Jesuits) would come into the United States, gypsy-like, in many shapes and disguises, printers, editors, writers and schoolmasters, putting the purity of elections to a severe trial. Jefferson replied on August 6, approving some of his friend's ideas, but forgetting, strange to say, to add to the disguises which the Protean Jesuits adopt those of baker and candlestick maker. The bewitchery of folly is no respecter of persons.

Moving pictures have not only become a permanent means of amusement but a colossal industry as well. A recent report says:

The stability of the high grade motion picture business, as well as the colossal proportions which this industry has attained, is evidenced in the fact that the Paramount Pictures Corporation has signed a twenty-five year contract with its producing manufacturers, allowing them a minimum guaranty of more than \$100,000,000. One idea, ably carried out by efficient and artistic directors, actors and actresses, is regarded as responsible for the great success of the Paramount Pictures Corporation. The idea is simply to give the best; to spare nothing to lend the best possible settings to the pictures and to obtain the best type of directors and photo players for the pictures. The millions of people who go to see the pictures prove, according to the Paramount view, that the taste of the public is for high grade films and not for the crude productions so frequently seen in the nickelodeons.

Perhaps clean plays can be staged after all, if the people want them, and the Paramount Picture Company is teaching a lesson to the vaudeville-theater managers.

In the death of Sister Mary Martha, which occurred at Kingsbridge, on Monday, June 21, the Sisters of Charity have lost a valiant woman whose life has been an inspiration to all who were brought in contact with her. At the early age of nineteen she dedicated herself entirely to the service of God in the religious life, and since then she has known no day of rest from strenuous labor. For a time she taught in the Institute of St. John the Evangelist, later becoming principal of the school. In 1882 she established the Cathedral school, leaving it in 1886 to assume charge of the orphan asylum now situated at Kingsbridge, New York City. For twenty-nine long years Sister Mary Martha has been the guardian of thousands of boys, whom she has trained with all the zeal and tenderness of a mother. Her death leaves a void in the souls of many who will bless her name for years to come for the good that she accomplished during a long life of prayer and labor.